TV COMIC

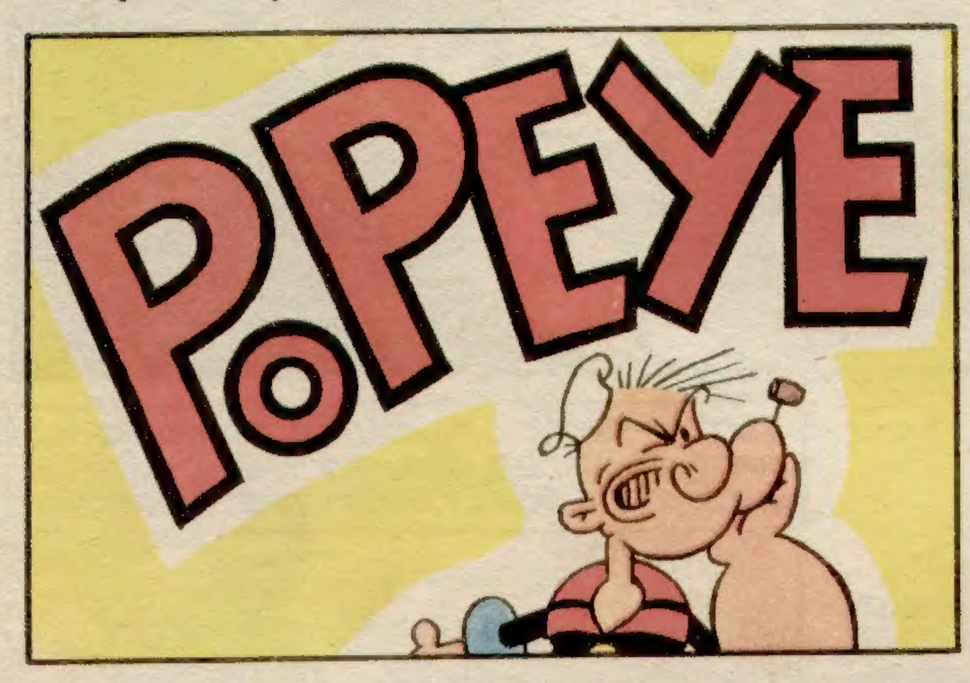
DR. WHO.

A new story starts today

6D

Every Monday | Week Ending 14th August, 1965 | Number 713

POPEYE


LAST TIME I OFFERED TO FIGHT YOU, YOU SPANKED ME! YOU HUMILIATED THE SMALLEST GIANT IN THE WORLD—AND YOU AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WITH IT!
I WILL STILL NOT FIGHT YOU— YOU ARE TOO SMALL!
FIGHT... FIGHT... FIGHT..!
713
SO POPEYE'S SCARED OF A LITTLE TWERP LIKE THAT, EH? HE MUST HAVE LOST HIS STRENGTH!
HOLD IT, SAILOR— HOW'D YE LIKE TO FIGHT ME?
HE AIN'T FIGHTIN' YOU—HE'S FIGHTIN' ME!
GET LOST, SHORTY!
SHORTY, AM I? PUT UP YER DUKES...
HA, HA, HA!
NOW, NOW, FELLAS!
STOP, BRUTUS! IF YE BELT THAT LITTLE GUY I SHALL BE FORCED TO SMASH YE!
HOLD THAT, YOU BIG LUMP!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, YOU LITTLE...
BRUTUS, HE'S TOO SMALL TO HIT...
I CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO WATCH!
BIFF!
BANG
WALLOP
STILL THINK I'M TOO SMALL TO FIGHT, SAILOR?
I DO...
...BUT YER DESERVE ANOTHER SPANKING FOR DOING THAT TO POOR BRUTUS!
BLUB! BLAH! HE'S DOING IT AGAIN! BLAH! SOB!
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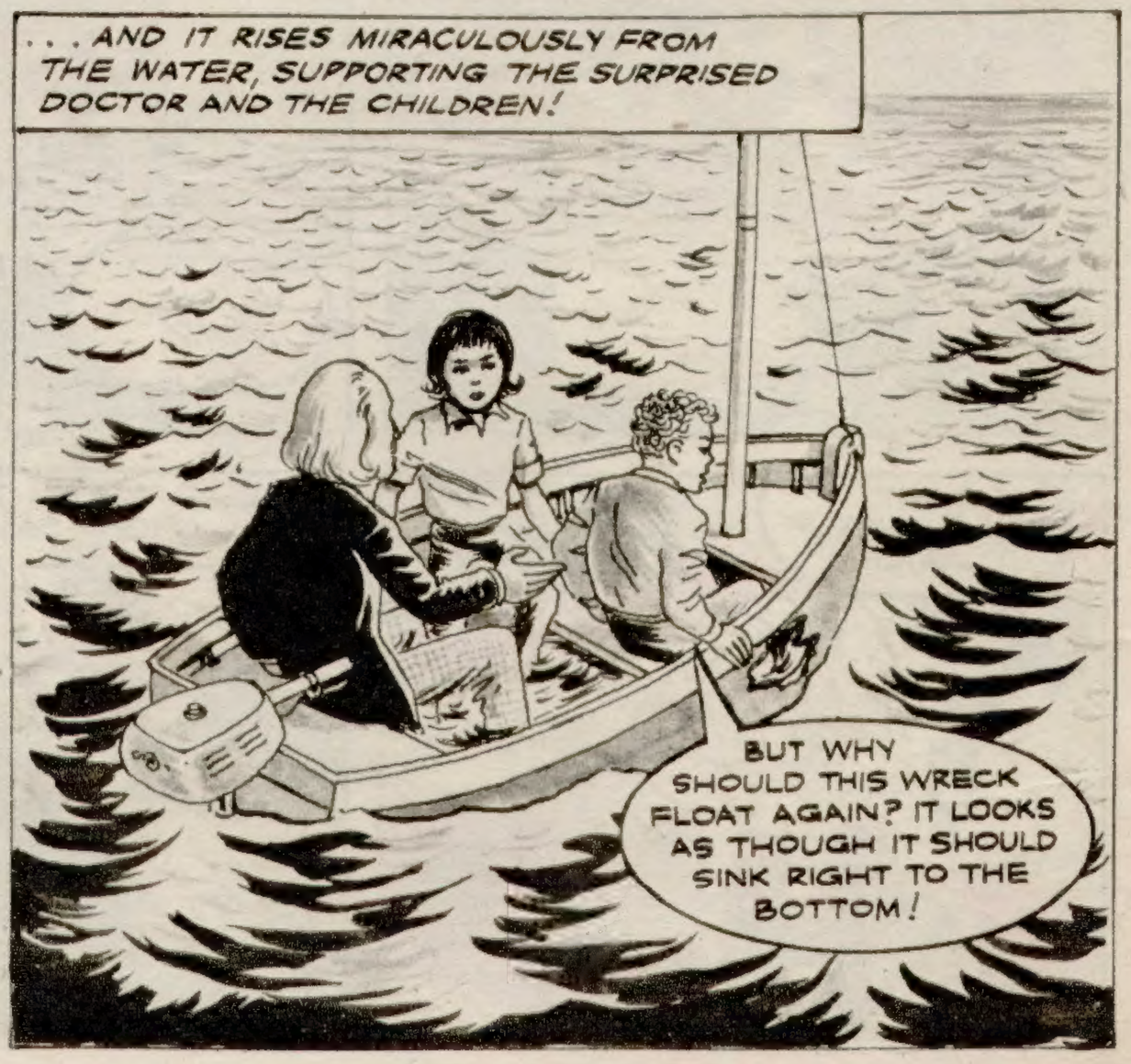
DOCTOR WHO

This time, Doctor Who is sure that he has brought the *Tardis* back through space and time to the present day on the planet Earth. John and Gillian, his grandchildren, hold their breath with excitement whilst the Doctor peers at a screen that should show them what lies outside the time machine . . .

SO THE DOCTOR CAUTIOUSLY OPENS THE DOOR OF THE TARDIS . . .
OH DEAR, HOW AWKWARD! WE ARE ON A SMALL ROCK IN THE MIDDLE OF A STORMY SEA!


. . . AND IT RISES MIRACULOUSLY FROM THE WATER, SUPPORTING THE SURPRISED DOCTOR AND THE CHILDREN!
BUT WHY SHOULD THIS WRECK FLOAT AGAIN? IT LOOKS AS THOUGH IT SHOULD SINK RIGHT TO THE BOTTOM!

© BBC tv 1965

BUT BEFORE THE DOCTOR CAN ANSWER

JOHN AND THE DOCTOR MARVEL AT THE REPAIRS TO THE BOAT MADE BY THE EXPLOSION!

BUT HOW DID IT HAPPEN? HOW CAN AN EXPLOSION *MEND* ANYTHING?

LOOK! THAT OTHER BOAT IS SHOOTING AT US!

I AM COMPLETELY BAFFLED, MY BOY!

THE MYSTERY BECOMES STRANGER STILL...

WE LOOK AS THOUGH WE'RE GOING FORWARDS...BUT WE'RE GOING BACKWARDS, AWAY FROM THE TARDIS!

AND WE'RE GETTING FARTHER AWAY FROM THAT SHIP!

CAN'T YOU STEER US TOWARDS THE TARDIS, GRAND-FATHER?

UNFORTUN-ATELY NOT! THIS BOAT INSISTS UPON TRAVELLING BACKWARDS!

AND BEFORE VERY LONG, THE KEEL OF THE LITTLE BOAT GRINDS UPON A SHINGLY SHORE...

A SMALL GROUP OF FISHERMEN TAKE HOLD OF THE BOAT...

THEY'RE PUSHING US BACK INTO THE SEA!

NO, GILLIAN! THEY'RE PULLING US OUT!

THEN ONE OF THE MEN SHOUTS AT THEM ABOVE THE WIND... AND HIS WORDS COME IN A MOST PECULIAR WAY!

!BOAT SOLDIERS' THE FOR OUT WATCH AND ,LUCK GOOD

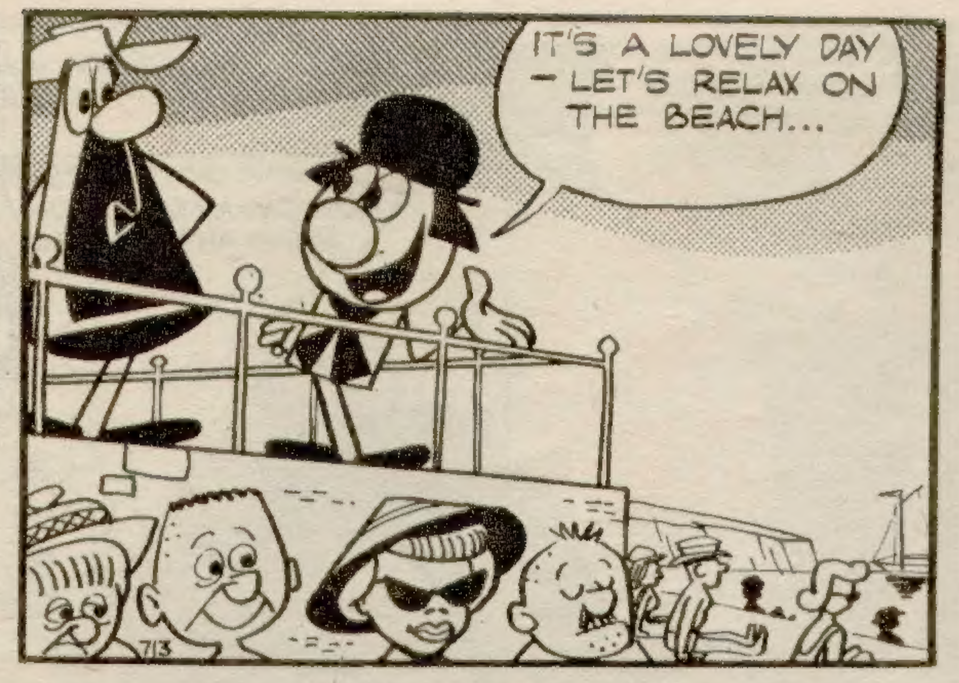
EVERYTHING HERE IS HAPPENING BACKWARDS... THAT MAN EVEN SPOKE BACKWARDS!

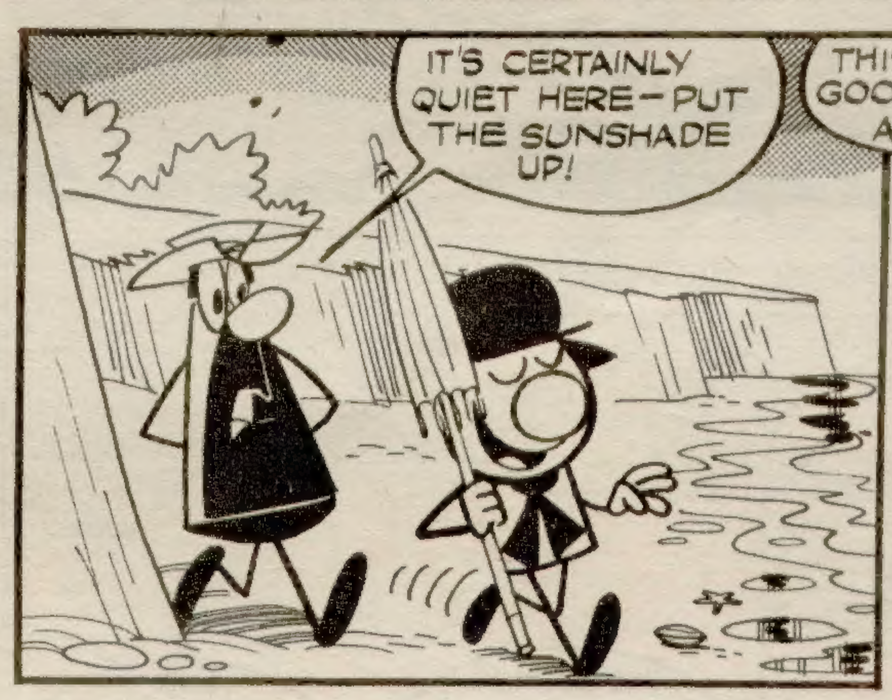
NEVILLE MAIN

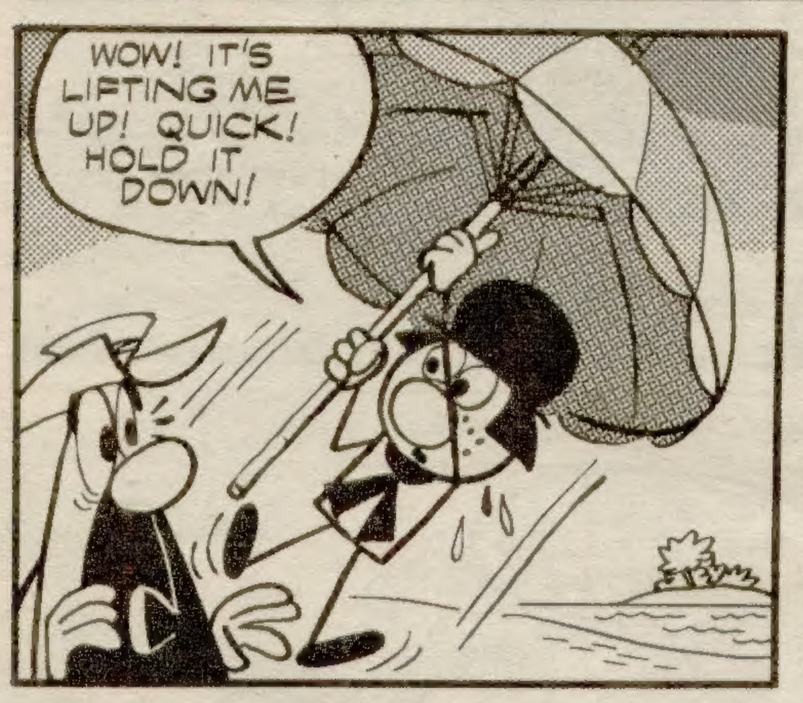
Don't miss next week's thrilling Dr. Who story

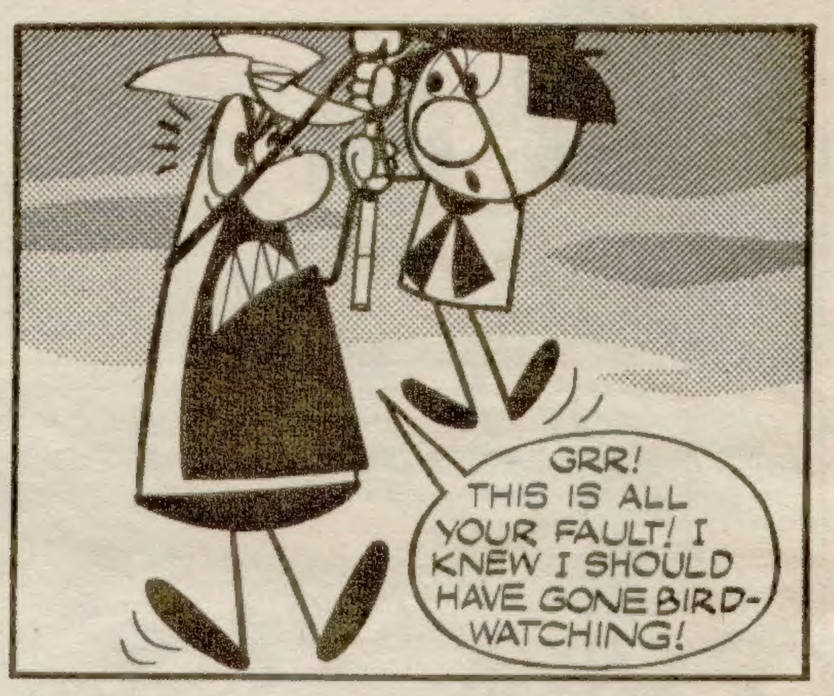
Foo Foo and GOGO

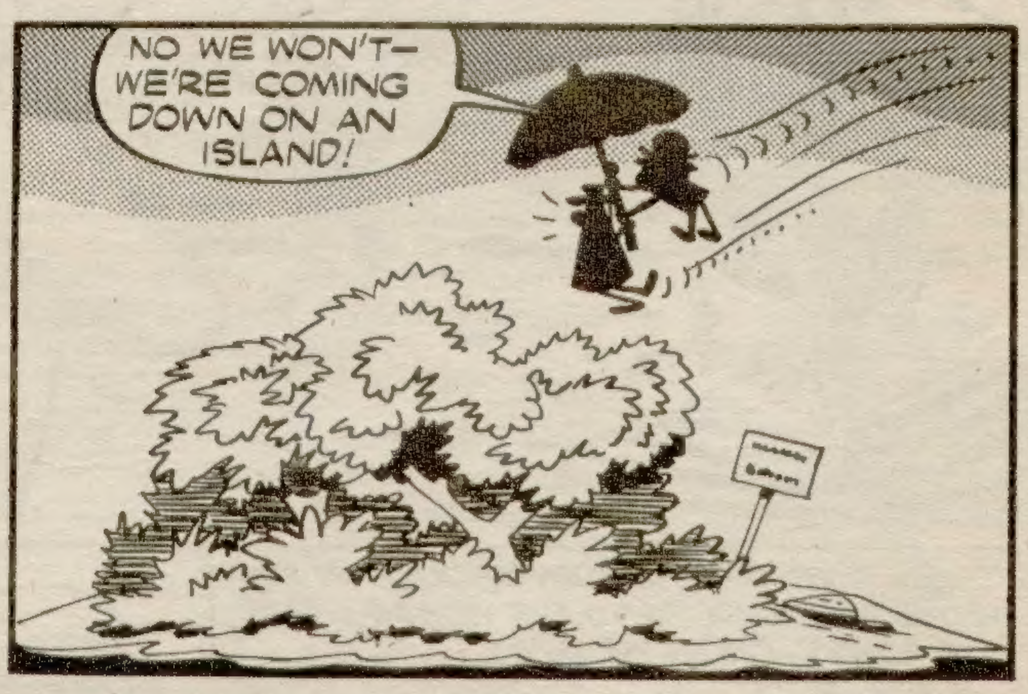
BY HALAS AND BATCHELOR

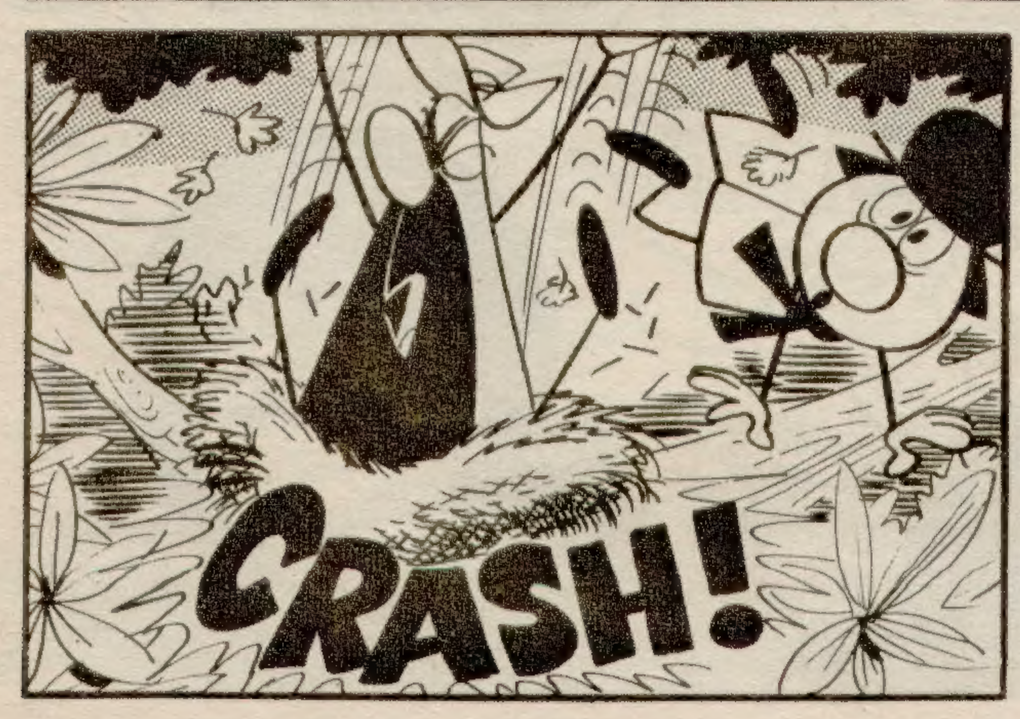


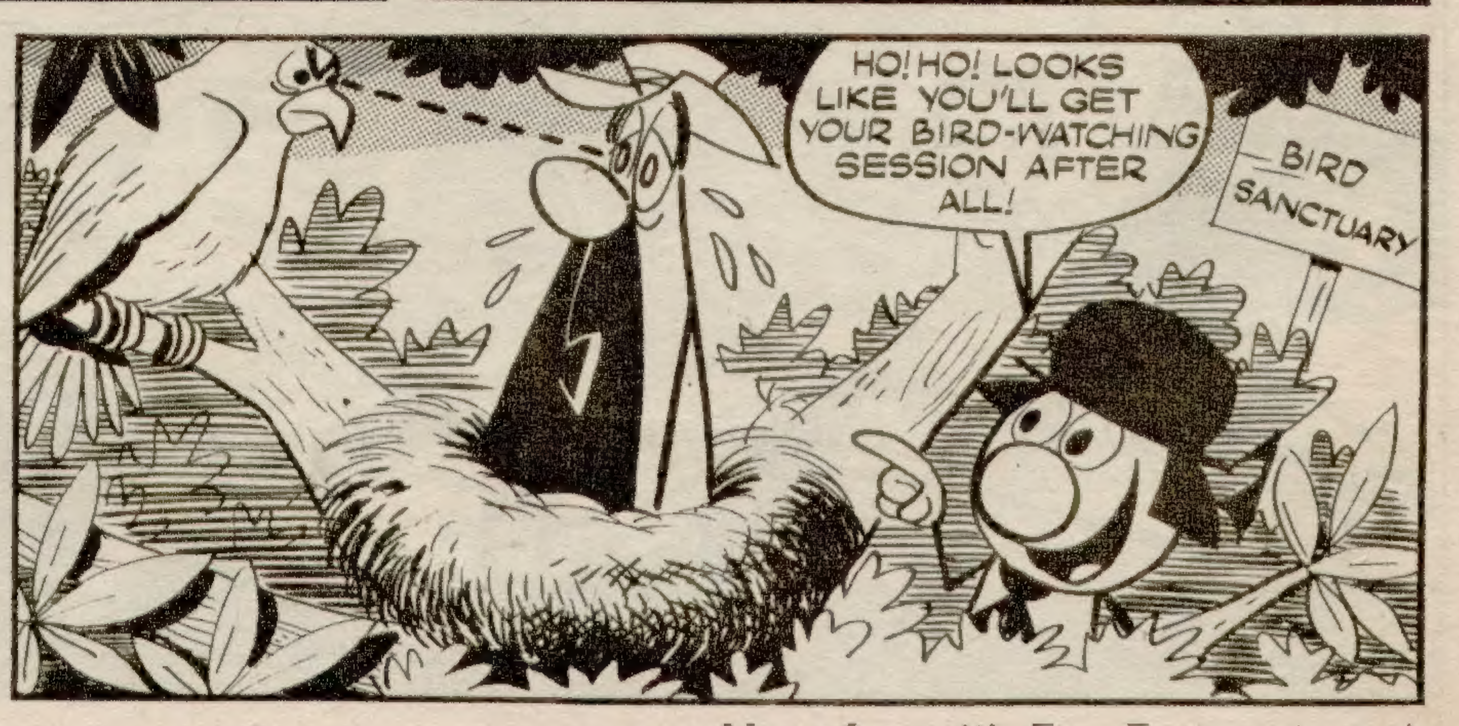








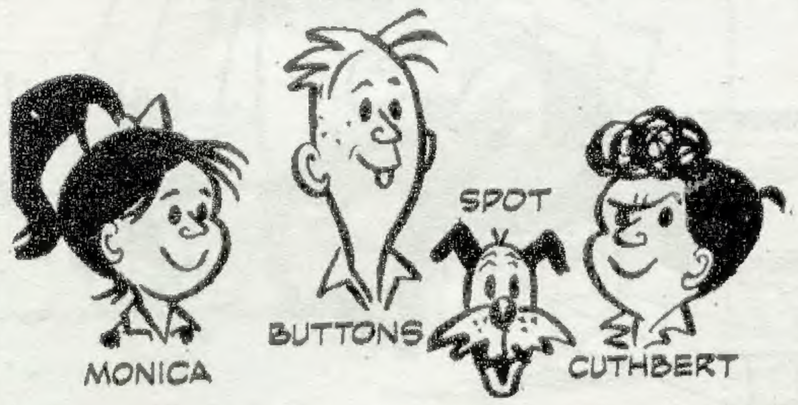


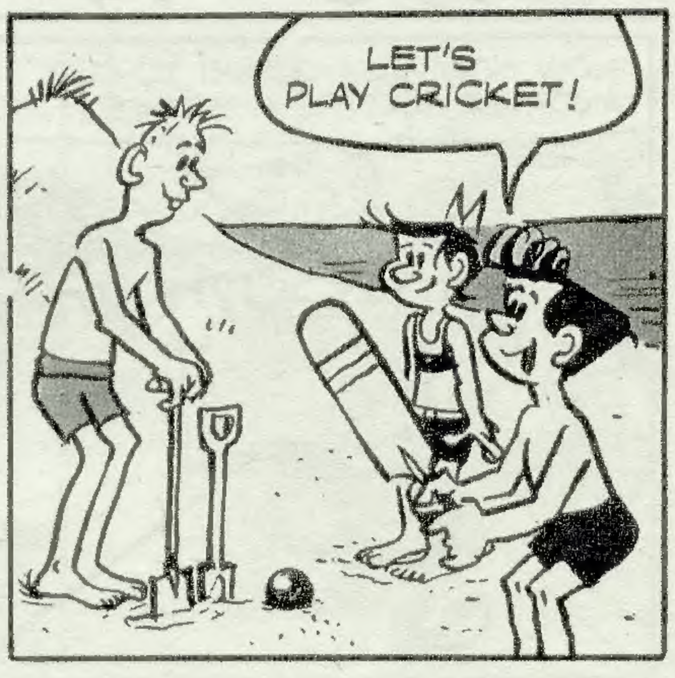


Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo".

More fun with Foo Foo next week

TV TERRORS

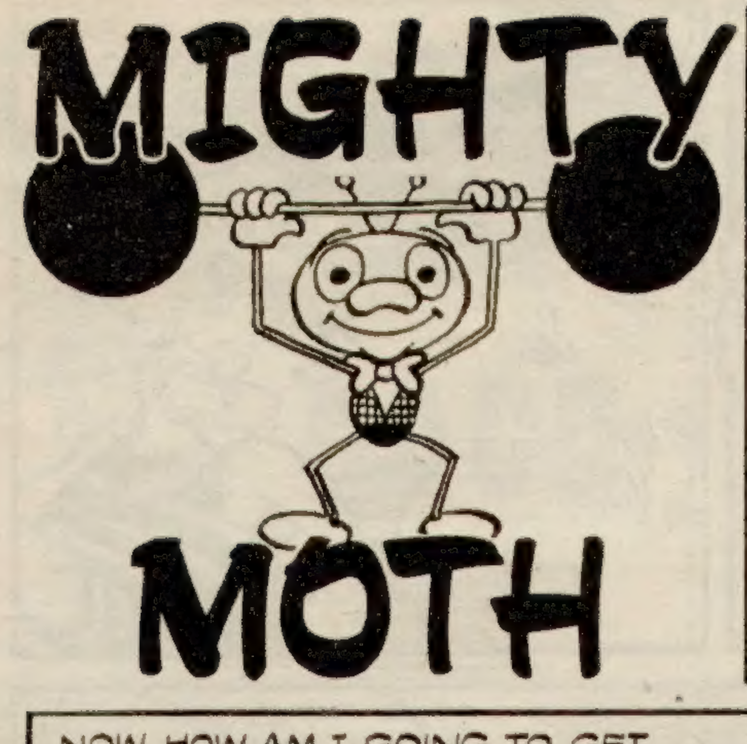


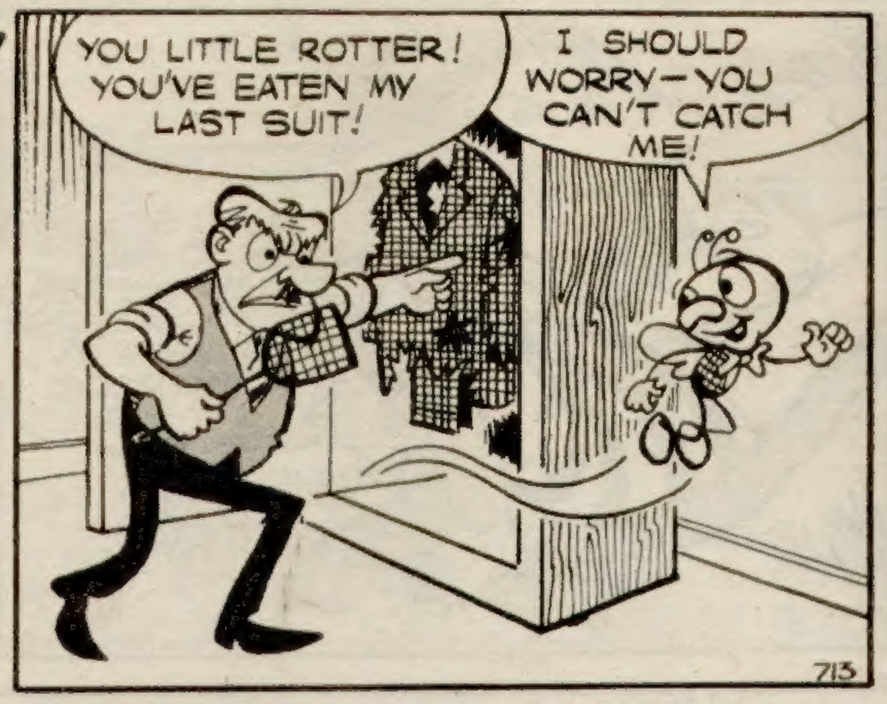


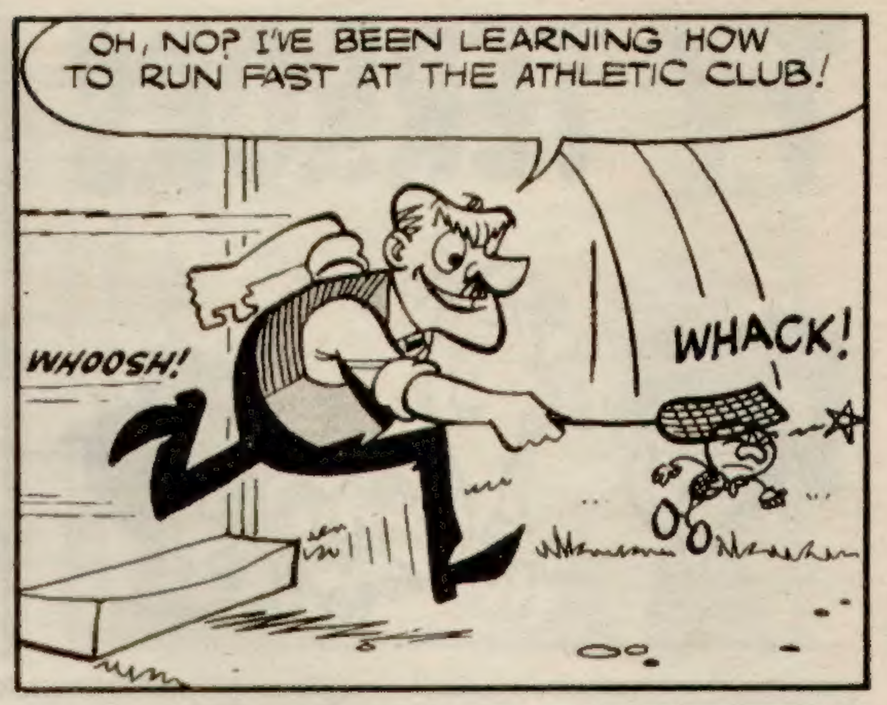
SORRY, HOPPIT— YOU SAID IF WE DIDN'T LEAVE YOU ALONE THERE'D BE TROUBLE! YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL THE TIDE GOES OUT!
SEE YOU NEXT WEEK, HOPPIT!

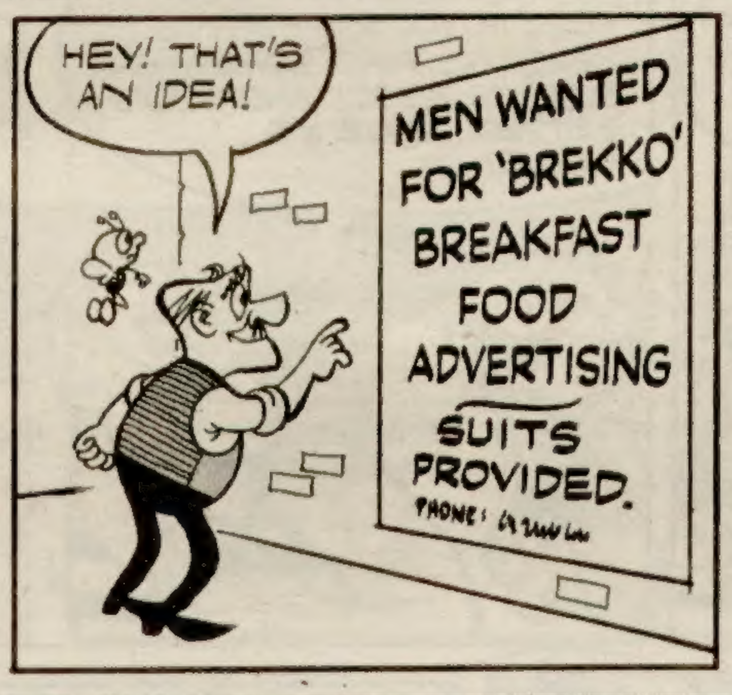
Next week: The Terrors get on Hoppit's wick at the waxworks!

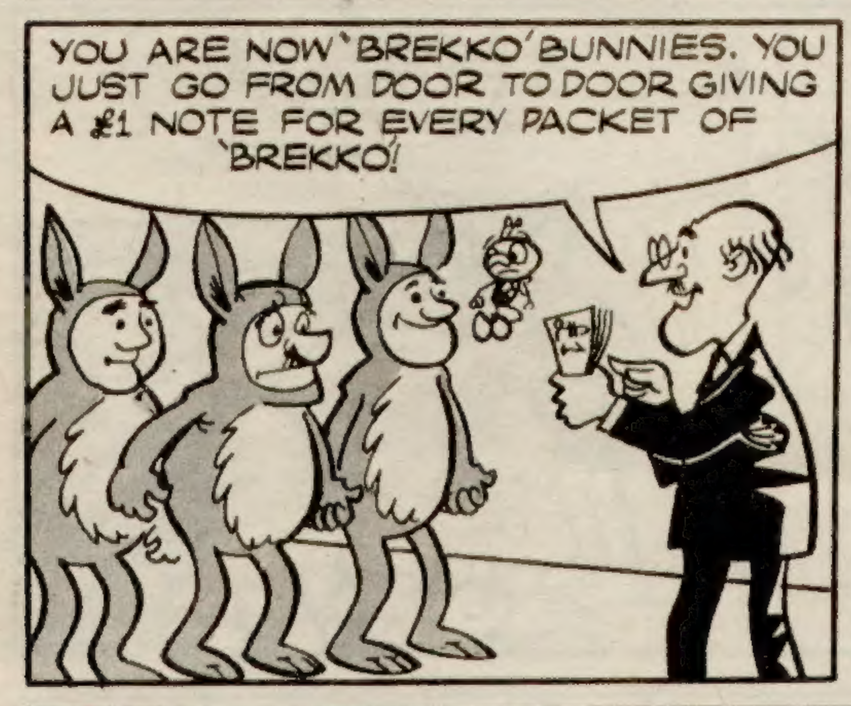
MIGHTY MOTH

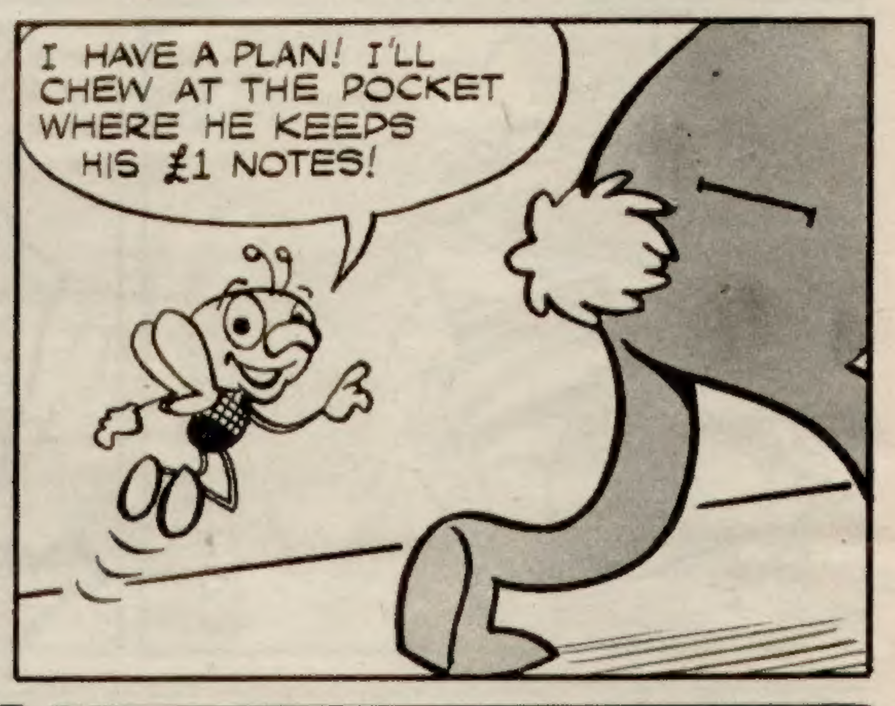


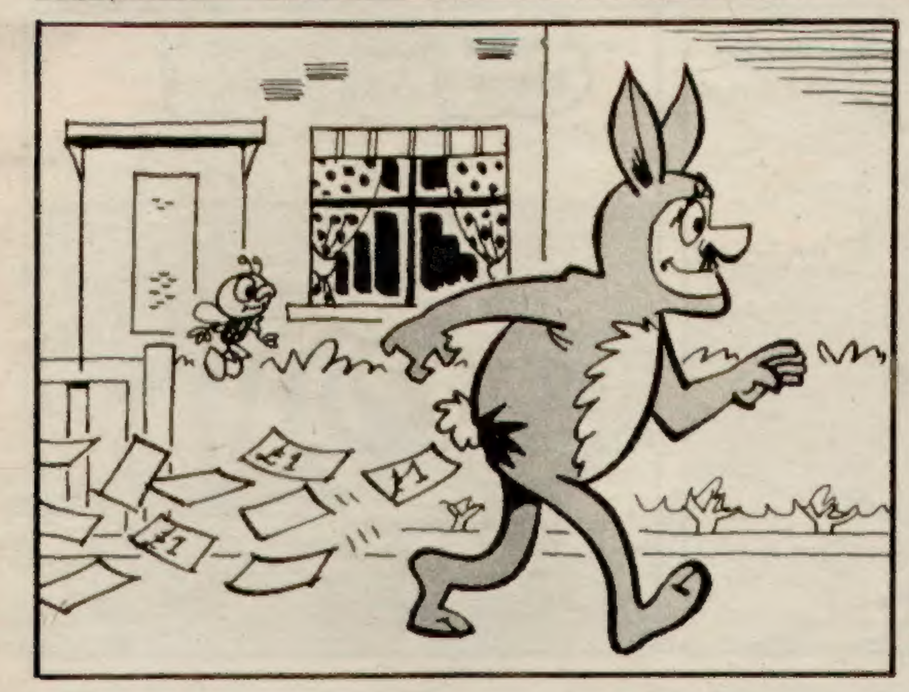


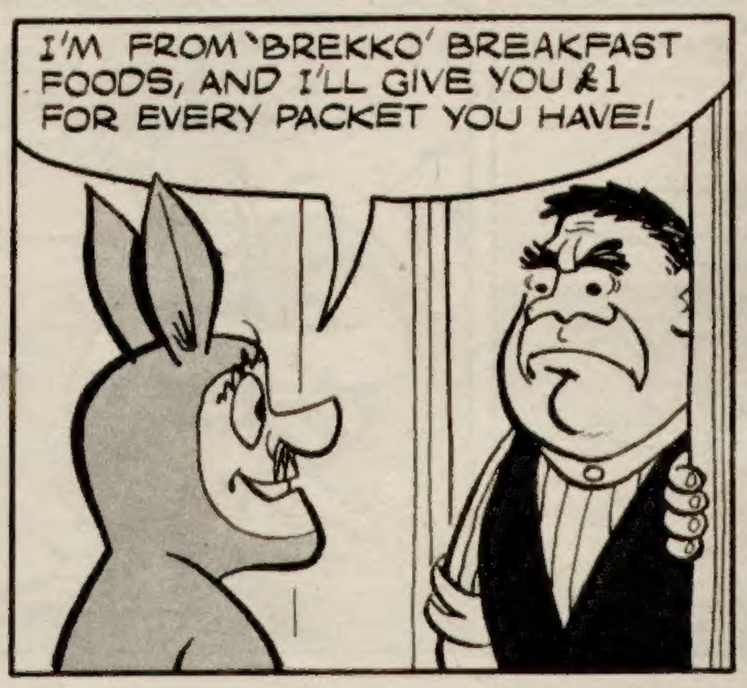


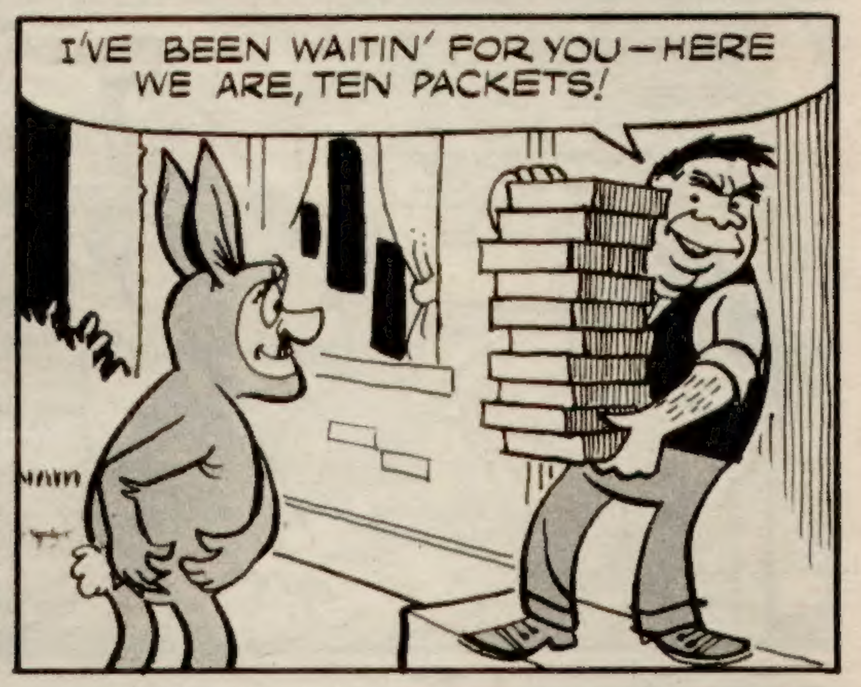


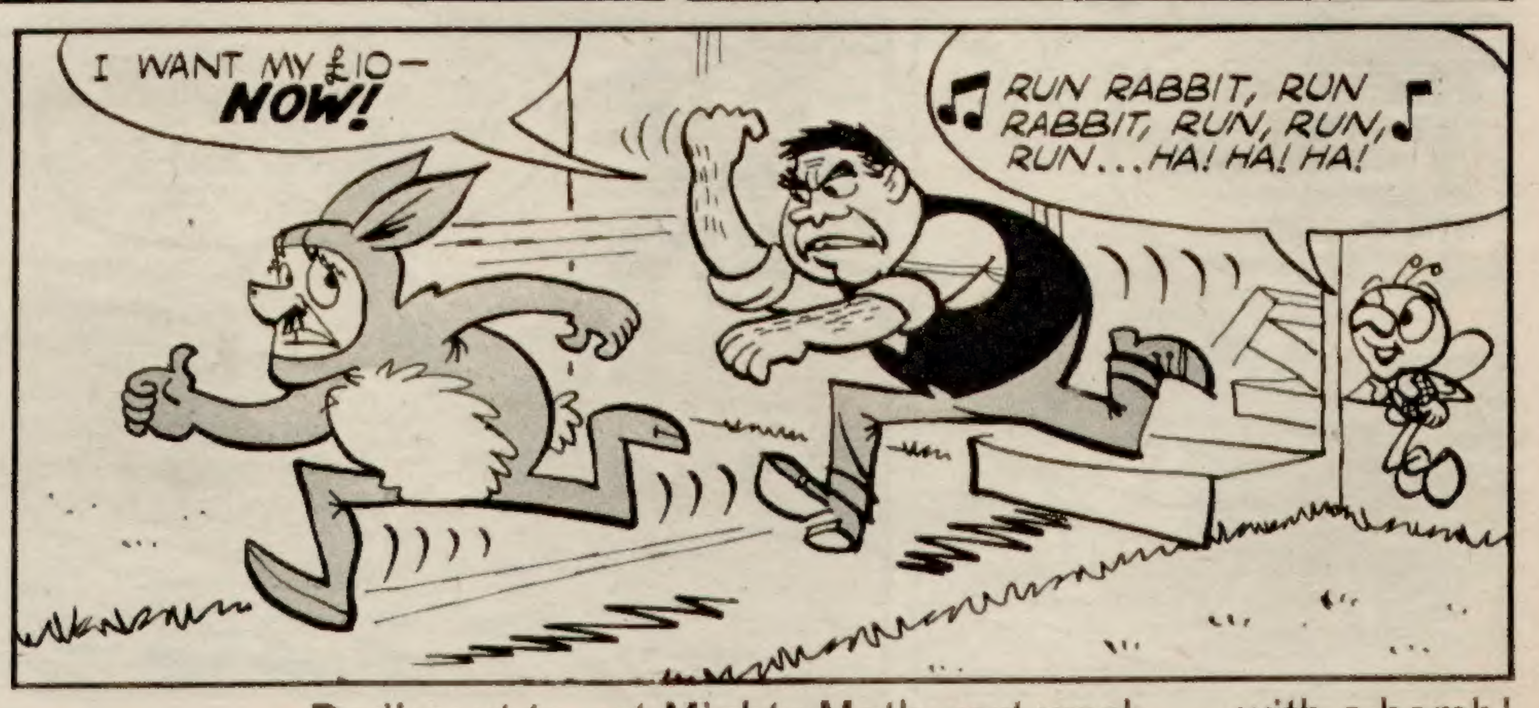






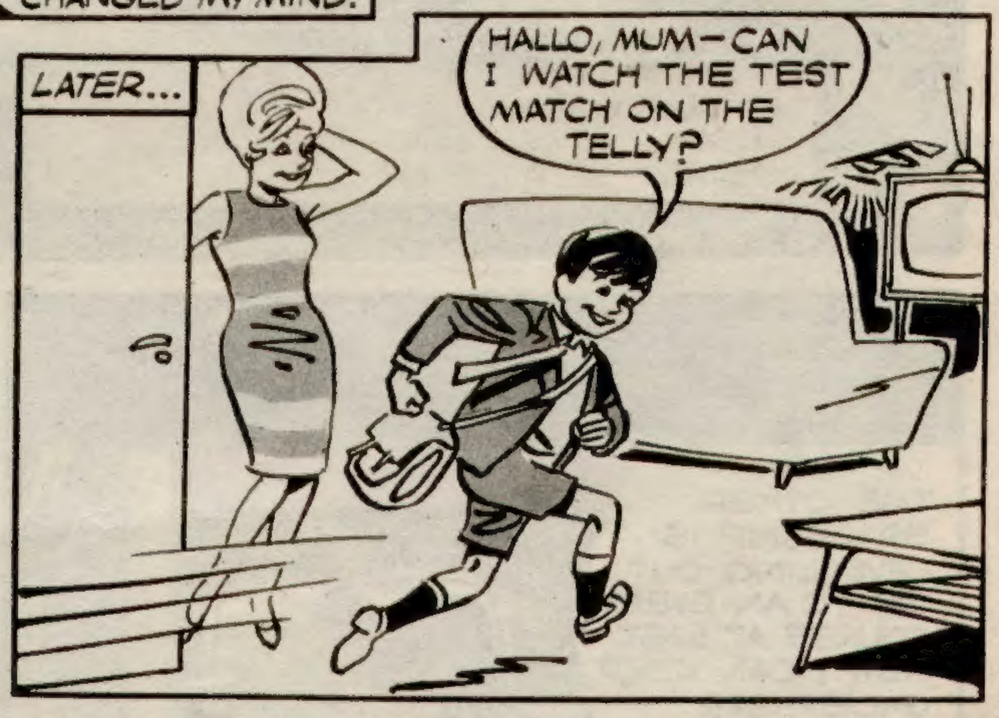


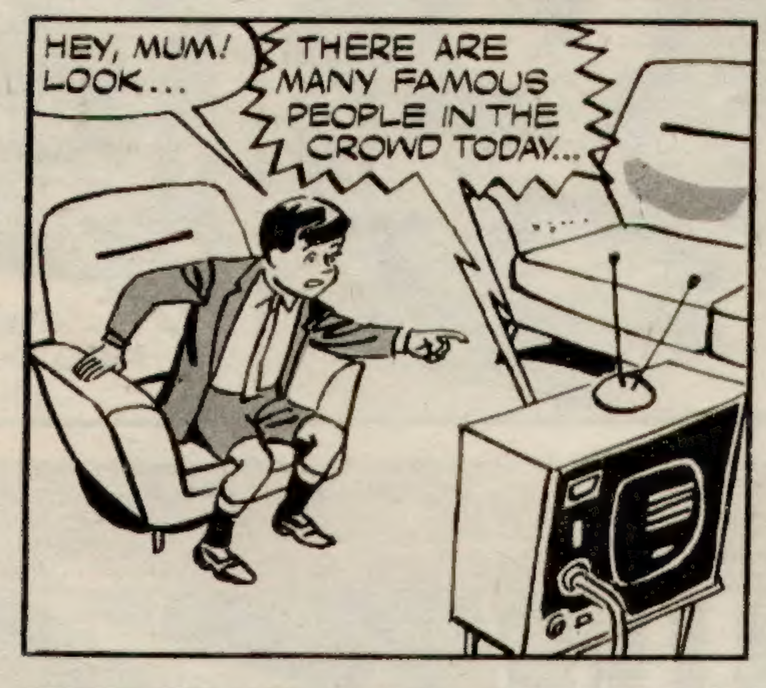


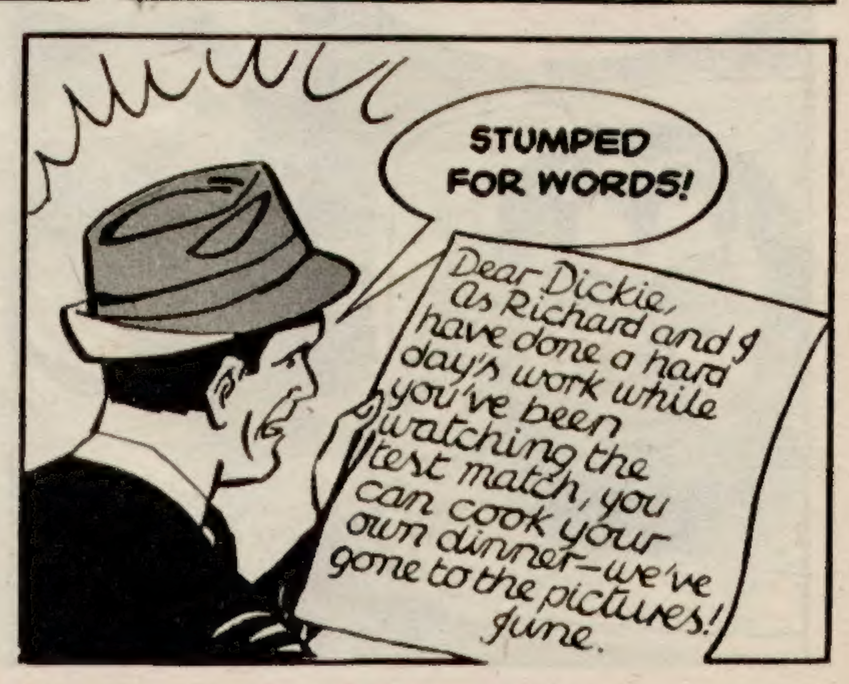


Dad's out to get Mighty Moth next week . . . with a bomb!

THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY






STUMPED FOR WORDS!
Dear Dickie, As Richard and I have done a hard day's work while you've been watching the test match, you can cook your own dinner – we've gone to the pictures! June.

Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show".

Dickie takes the plunge and ends up in deep water next week!

SPACE PATROL

by Roberta Leigh

CAPTAIN Larry Dart, at the controls of Galasphere 347 is matching a course with a damaged space raider whilst his crew go across to board the enemy . . .

THEY FIND AN ENTRANCE HATCH THAT OPENS EASILY AT THE TOUCH OF A LEVER...

THEY PASS THROUGH THE AIR-LOCK CAREFULLY, NOT KNOWING WHAT THEY WILL FIND INSIDE...

THEY'RE NOT WAITING FOR US... THAT'S SOMETHING TO BE GRATEFUL FOR!

DON'T BE TOO SURE, PROFESSOR... THEY MAY BE HIDING, WAITING THEIR CHANCE!

THERE'S SOMETHING... AND IT'S AIMING A WEAPON AT US!

IT'S A NET... AND WE'RE CAUGHT IN IT LIKE SLEEPING TROUT!

UGH! THIS NET IS OF METAL! WE COULD NEVE TEAR OUR WAY OUT OF IT!

UNAWARE OF THE FATE OF HIS CREW, CAPTAIN DART IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF GALASPHERE 347 IS FINDING HIS OWN TASK IS BECOMING EASIER...

THE OTHER SPACESHIP IS LEVELLING OUT ON TO AN EVEN COURSE AT LAST. NOW I CAN KEEP GALASPHERE ALONGSIDE IT WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE!

BUT LARRY DART SUFFERS AN UGLY SHOCK WHEN A STRANGE FACE SUDDENLY FILLS HIS VIDEO SCREEN...

WHO ARE YOU?

I AM VOLTEK, COMMANDER OF THE SPACESHIP THAT YOUR CREW HAVE JUST ENTERED! I AM PREPARED TO BARGAIN WITH YOU!

YOU ARE BEATEN! YOU HAVE NOTHING WITH WHICH TO BARGAIN!

THE VIEW ON THE SCREEN DEEPENS, AND SHOWS LARRY DART'S CREW...

BUT I HAVE! HERE ARE ALL YOUR MEN... MY PRISONERS!

CONC ONLY FO LIVES OF FRIEN CAPTAIN DEMAND KNOW ENEMY'

ONE MAN CAN LEAVE THIS SHIP, IF YOU COME HERE AND PROMISE TO TAKE HIS PLACE!

VERY WELL... I PROMISE!

THIS MAY BE A TRICK TO CAPTURE ME AS WELL ... BUT IF THERE IS A CHANCE OF RESCUING EVEN ONE OF MY CREW, I MUST TAKE THE RISK!

DART IS ABLE TO GET GALASPHERE CLOSE TO THE ALIEN SHIP BEFORE HE PUSHES HIMSELF ACROSS THE NARROW GAP BETWEEN THEM...

DART ENTERS THE OTHER SHIP UNHARMED AND FINDS HIS WAY TO VOLTEK'S CABIN...

I HAVE KEPT MY PART OF THE BARGAIN ...I HAVE COME WILLINGLY TO TAKE THE PLACE OF ONE MAN HERE!

THEN YOU TAKE MY PLACE!

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Be sure not to miss next week's exciting Spac

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MEVIN

WONDERAMA PRODUCTIONS LTD., 1965

Be sure not to miss next week's exciting Space Patrol.

PICK OF THE JOKES

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

S. Knight, Lindfield, Sussex.

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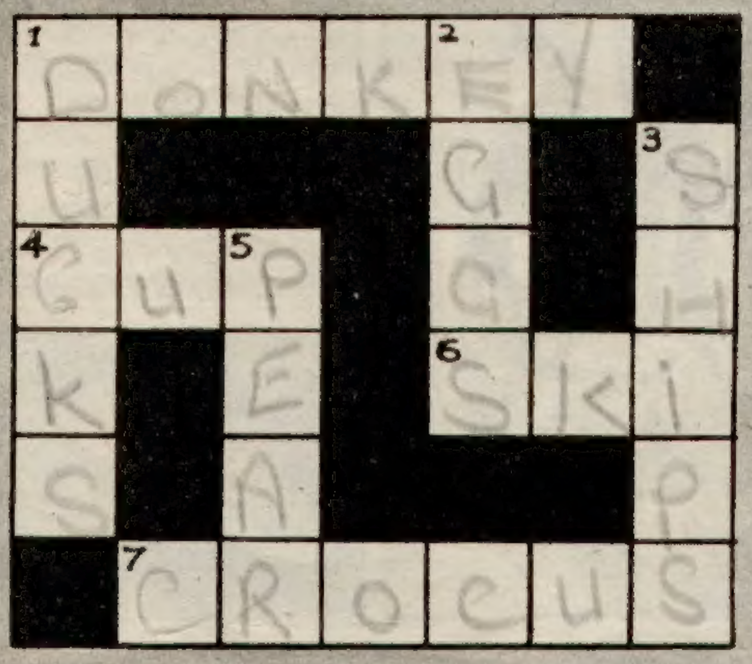
PICTURE CROSSWORD



CLUES DOWN

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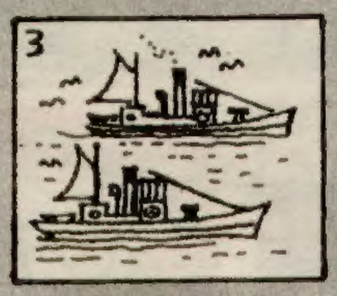

CLUES ACROSS

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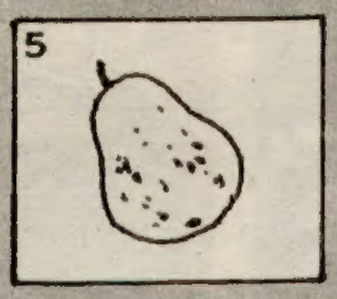

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7

ANSWERS ON PAGE 13

J. Bowley, Beeston, Notts.

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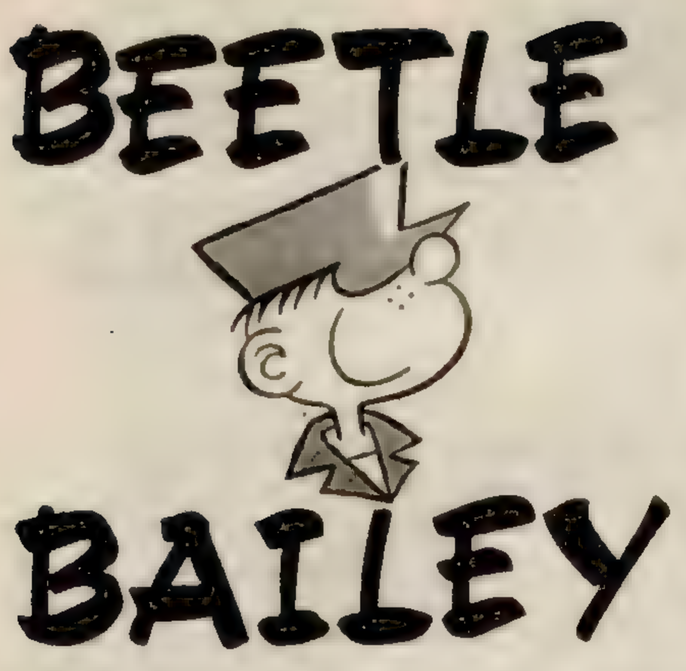
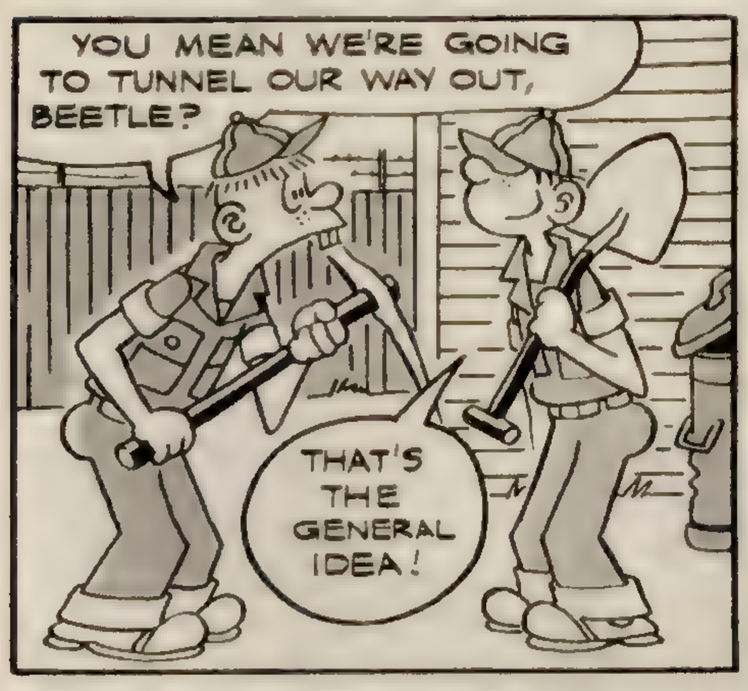
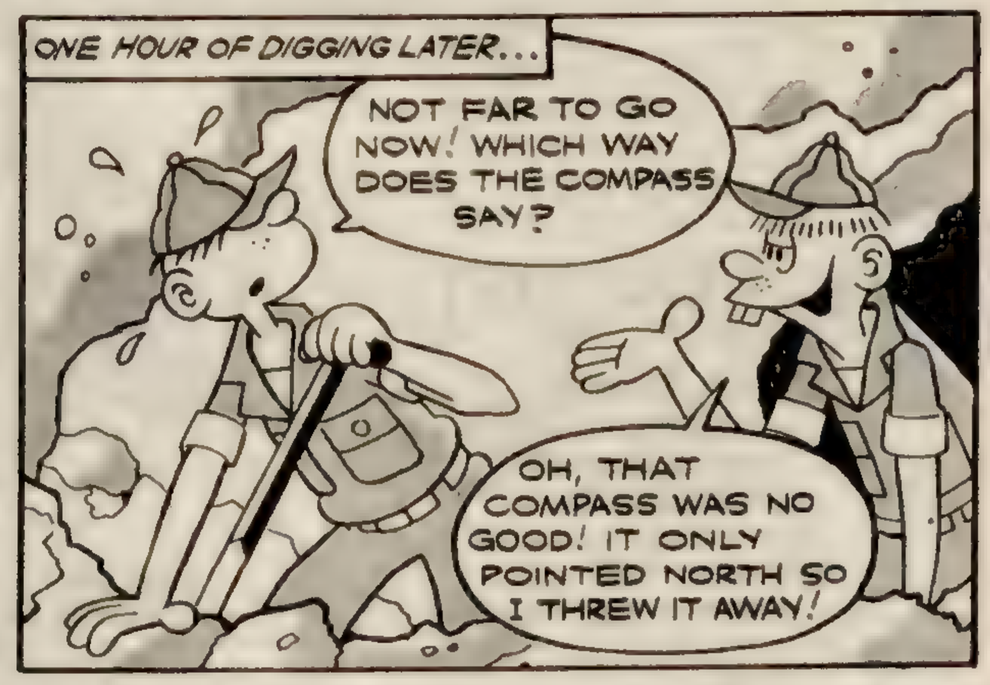
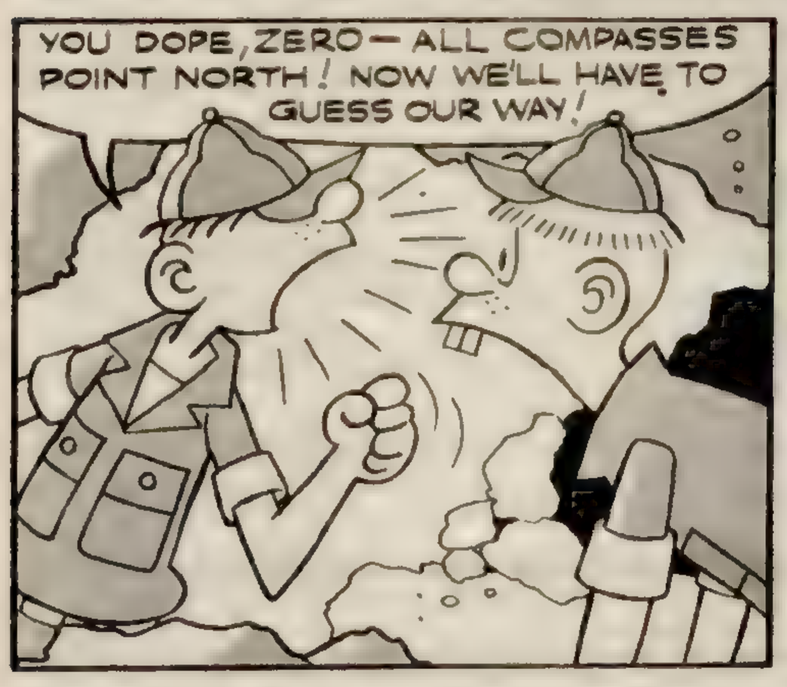
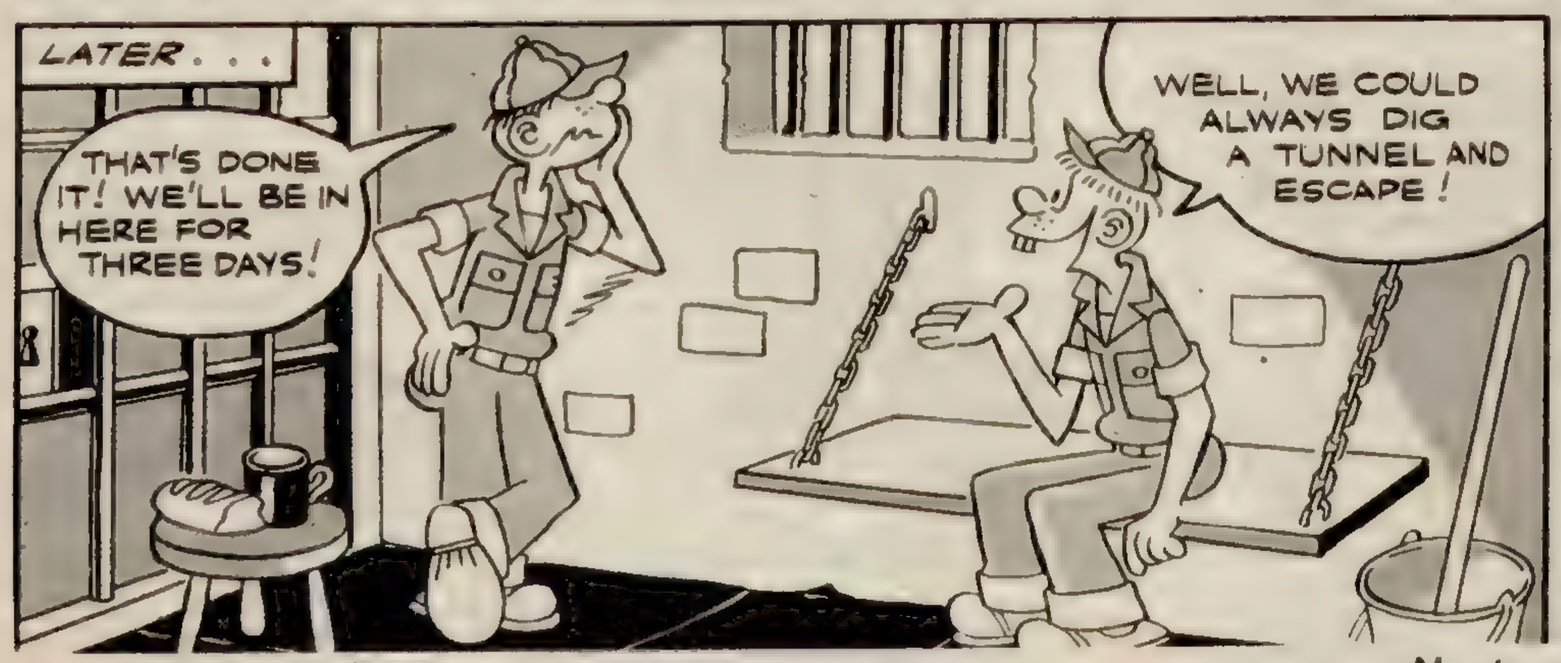
BEETLE BAILEY

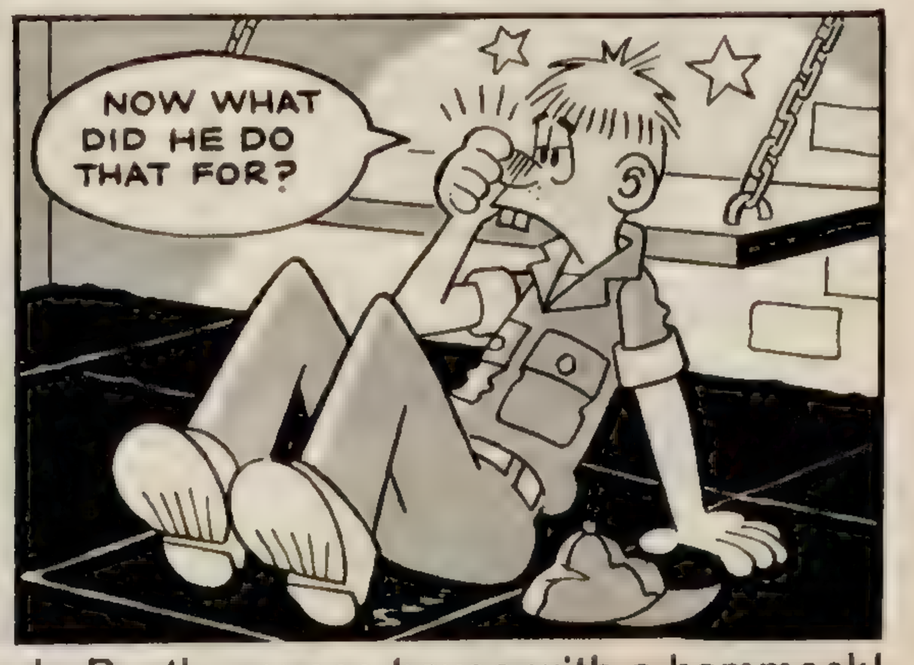





ONE HOUR OF DIGGING LATER...
NOT FAR TO GO NOW! WHICH WAY DOES THE COMPASS SAY?
OH, THAT COMPASS WAS NO GOOD! IT ONLY POINTED NORTH SO I THREW IT AWAY!







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Next week: Beetle causes havoc with a hammock!

THIS MONTH'S NEW DINKY MODELS

BEECHCRAFT S35 BONANZA

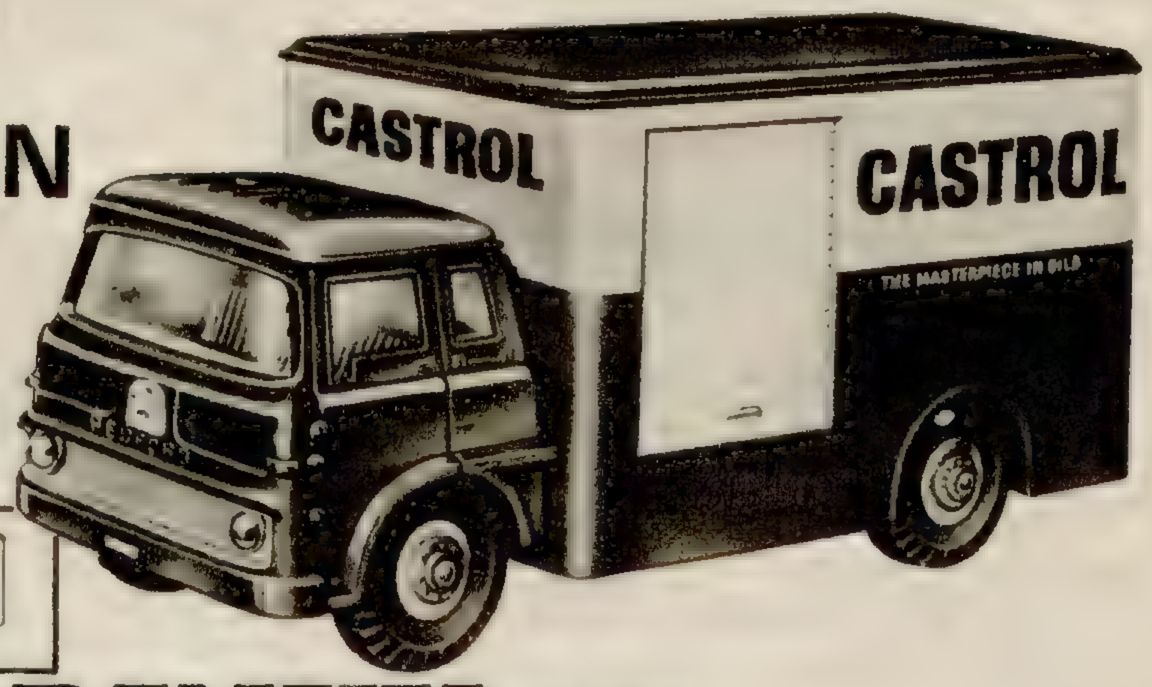
Add this brilliant U.S. private airplane—complete with weekend luggage—to your collection—
. Engine cowling removes to show engine . Door of luggage compartment opens—*luggage goes inside!* . Perspex windows . Propeller spins . Landing wheels . In red and white with American registration number

Wing Span 5¼" Model No. 710 Price **6/11**

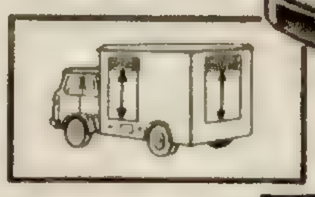
BEDFORD T.K. BOX VAN

A beautifully finished model in the green and white 'Castrol' colours—Roller shutters at side and rear—Spacious cab with seats, steering wheel and windows . Silver wheel hubs, grille and Bedford 'Crest'

Length 5⅛" Model No. 450 Price **10/6**



AT YOUR TOY SHOP NOW



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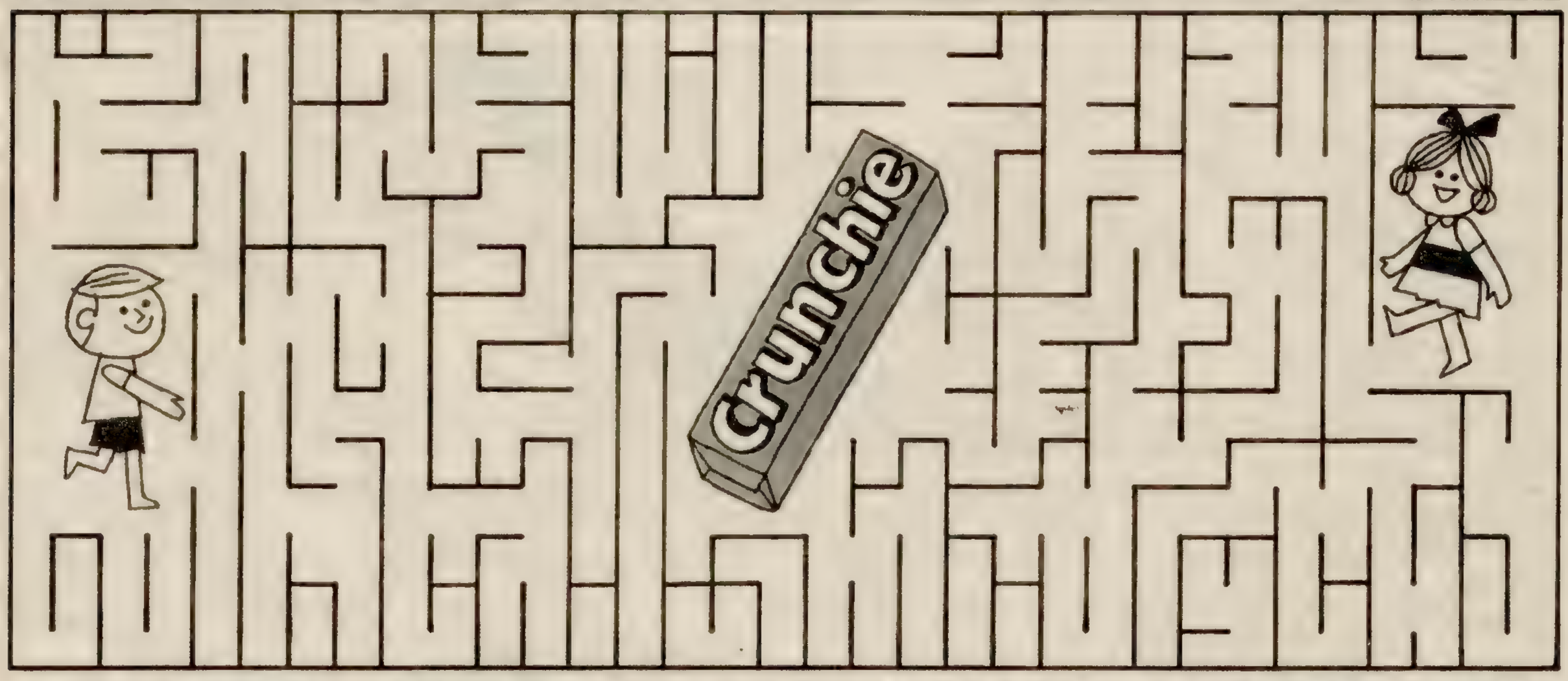
FRY'S CRUNCHIE PUZZLE No. 5

SHOW JOHN AND JILL HOW THEY CAN BOTH GET TO THE CRUNCHIE BAR!



FRY'S **CRUNCHIE** IS SIMPLY S**CRUNCHIE**OUS!
CRUNCH ONE AND SEE! **4D & 6D**

ORLANDO

THE old barn looked deserted from outside.

Orlando gazed at it uncertainly.

Orlando was on the trail of his young assistant. Streaky had been kidnapped by crooks. This was because he had accidentally taken a picture of a boatload of men who had disappeared. Streaky himself had now disappeared, but Orlando was determined to find him.

"Faith!" he said, as he steered his amphibious car along the creek towards the barn. "Maybe I've made a mistake. There can't be anybody in a place like this."

Old Sam, the night-watchman in the seat beside him, was only too pleased to agree.

"Let's go back, mate," he gulped. "These saltings give me the willies."

Saltings are a peculiar kind of land between the sea and the shore. Sometimes they are covered at high tide—sometimes they are exposed as mud and reeds. Orlando worked the amphibian through the reeds until he was alongside the bank. The barn was only a few feet away from him.

But the little Irishman still sat at the wheel, wondering whether or not to get out and have a look round.

He would have leaped into action if he had been able to see inside that tumble-down barn!

In there, young Streaky lay on the earthen floor, bound hand and foot. The faint purr of the amphibian's motor had penetrated the barn, and Streaky had recognised it as the motor of Orlando's car. But, before he could yell, Jake, the driver of the kidnapping car, had sprung forward and clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Quiet—you!" he snarled.

Streaky gulped. With swift movements Jake pushed a rag in his mouth and tied it with a loose end of rope. Then the crook turned and bent down so that he could apply his eye to a crack in the woodwork. Through this crack he could see Old Sam and Orlando.

Orlando was still hesitating. Should he climb out on that muddy marsh and examine the place more carefully—or should he go home before the tide left them stranded?

Streaky felt frantic. Bound and gagged, he could not make any sound to attract Orlando. The boy struggled in his bonds—then suddenly had a bright idea.

To think was to act with Streaky. As the crook still bent down with his eye to the crack, Streaky swung up his bound feet as hard as possible and kicked Jake. The crook leaped wildly and gave a yell.

"Ow—ouch!"

That was all that was needed. The yell echoed out over the saltings, and Sam and Orlando blinked rapidly at each other.

"It's a ghost, mate!" groaned Sam.

"Rubbish," said Orlando.

Inside the barn, Jake glared furiously at Streaky. But the boy only grinned at him, and Jake lost his head as Orlando leaped ashore and rushed at the barn.

The door was bolted, of course, but it was a wretched door, anyway. As the Irishman charged it, it swung in the wrong way round. The rusty hinges had given way and the Irishman tumbled inside head first.

Jake seized a length of timber as a club and rushed at him. He swung the club at Orlando's head, but Orlando rolled sideways. The club crashed down on the earthen floor, after which Jake performed strangely by turning head-over-heels. This was because Orlando had grabbed his feet and assisted him in his headlong rush.

Old Sam entered more cautiously.

"Lumme!" he said, as Jake fell flat at his feet. "What's going on 'ere?"

"Sit on his head, Sam!" yelled Orlando. "I've still got his feet."

Sam was no hero, but he knew how to take orders. He sat down promptly on Jake's head, flattening the crook with his sixteen stone, and there was no further trouble from Jake.

In a few moments Orlando had released young Streaky.

"Gee, I'm glad you got here," the boy gasped. "I thought I was done for. I hid that picture in the jacket of a scarecrow back in a cornfield. If we're quick, we'll be able to get it before the other fellow comes back."

"Other fellow?" blinked Orlando. "How many more are there?"

"Only two," said Streaky. "I suppose you're thinking of those mysterious seven?"

That was exactly what Orlando was thinking. As they used the ropes from Streaky to tie up the crook Jake, he was looking swiftly all round the barn. As he had suspected in the beginning, it was a perfect hide-out for the missing seamen. But where were they now?

Orlando went nosing all round the place. The little Irishman stared at the box on which Jake had been sitting. Tipping it over, he shot out a number of tins of food, enough to feed seven men for days.

"So that's the trick," he muttered. "They hide up somewhere else during the day an' come back here for a feed at night."

As he spoke, the roar of a car engine sounded. Connelly, the other man who had helped in the kidnapping, was returning after phoning the man he called the "boss."

Orlando worked rapidly. Grabbing the broken-down door, he pushed it back into position, then crouched behind it as the car stopped outside. Sam and Streaky armed themselves with chunks of wood and crouched beside him.

Unaware that anything had happened during his absence, Connelly banged on the door.

"Open up, Jake!" he cried. "The boss is comin' along himself."

"Just what we wanted!" muttered Orlando as he opened the door. "Come in—an' don't try any tricks."

Connelly was incapable of tricks, anyway. As the door opened, two chunks of wood descended on his head, while Orlando grabbed him by the collar and hauled him inside.

"Now, mebbe you'll tell us what it's all about?" he snorted.

Then he stared blankly at a limp crook. Sam and Streaky had hit Connelly so hard the crook was out for the count.

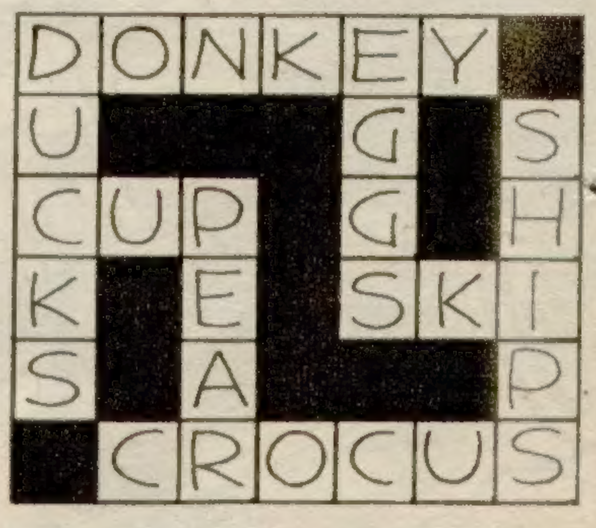
The little Irishman thought swiftly. In a few moments the "boss"—whoever he was—was due to arrive. And after him, by Orlando's reckoning, would come the mysterious "seven." Orlando and his pals would be completely outnumbered.

"What we goin' to do now, guv'nor," groaned Sam.

"What you're going to do, old friend, is phone the police," Orlando snapped. "We need assistance. Meantime, Streaky and myself will hold the fort—even though 'tis only an old barn . . .!

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S ORLANDO

PICTURE CROSSWORD ANSWERS



TV Comic & Express and Rocket is printed in Great Britain by Eric Bemrose Ltd., Long Lane, Liverpool, 9, and published for the proprietors by TV Publications Ltd., Television House, Kingsway, W.C.2. Sole Agents Australia and New Zealand. Messrs. Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. © TV Publications Ltd., 1965.
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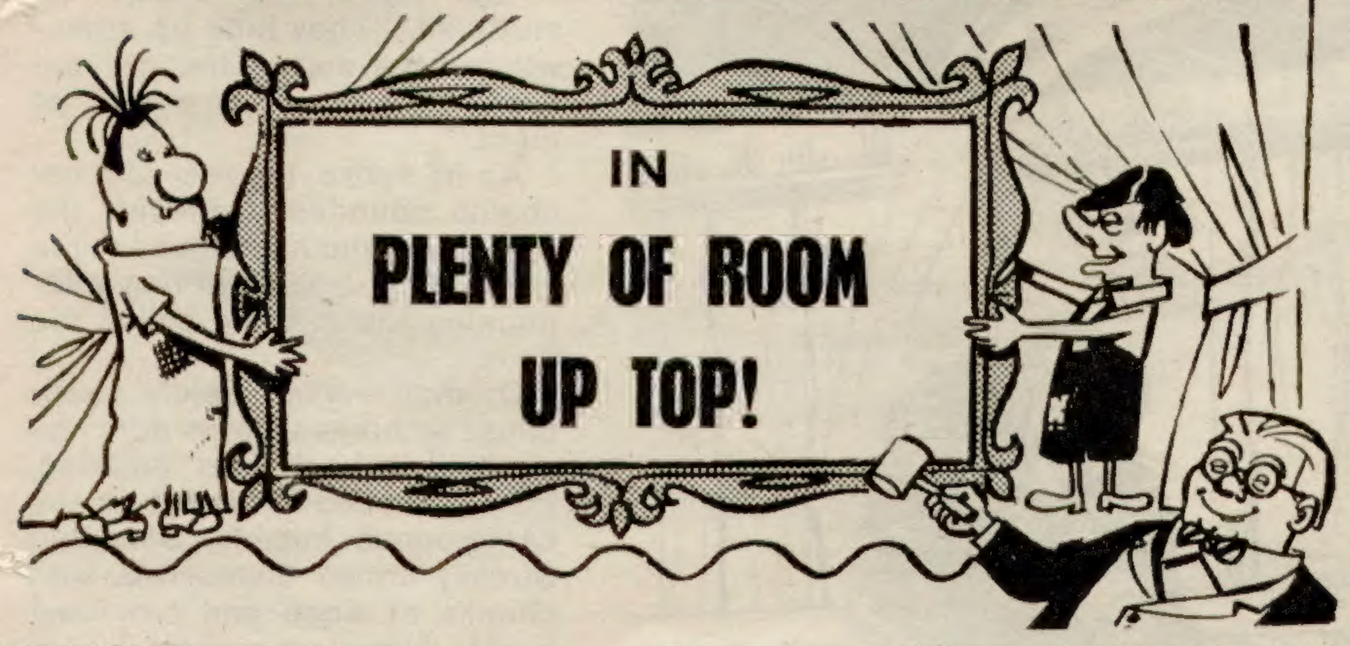
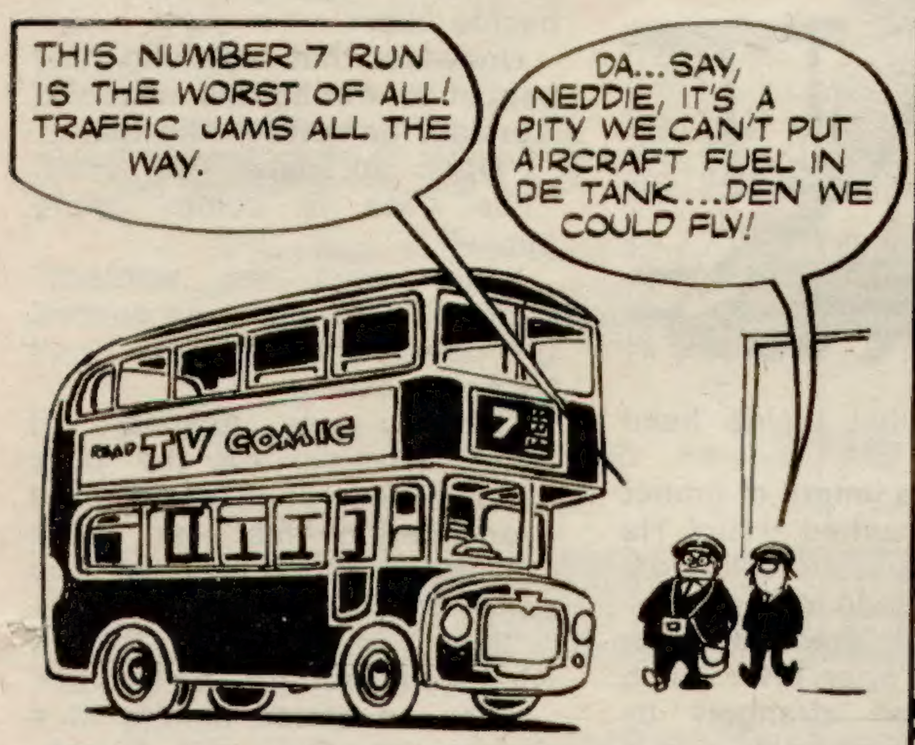
THE TELEGOONS

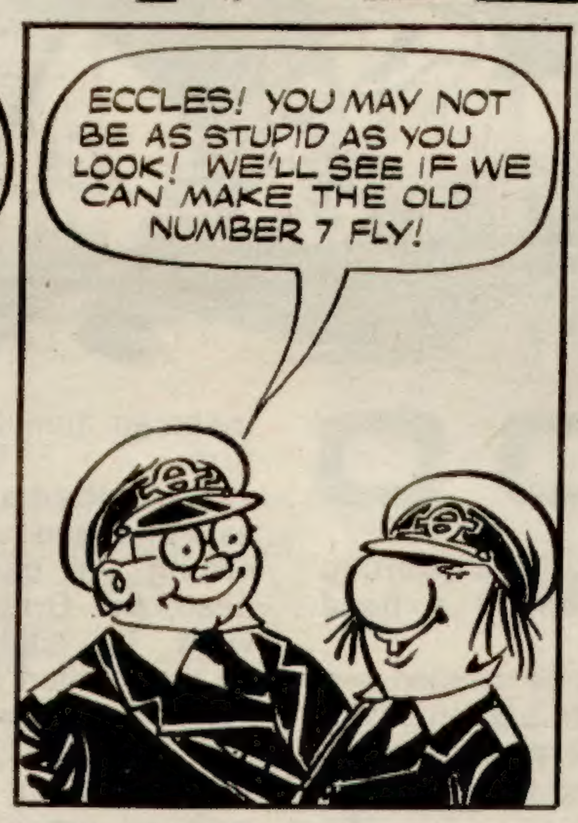
IN

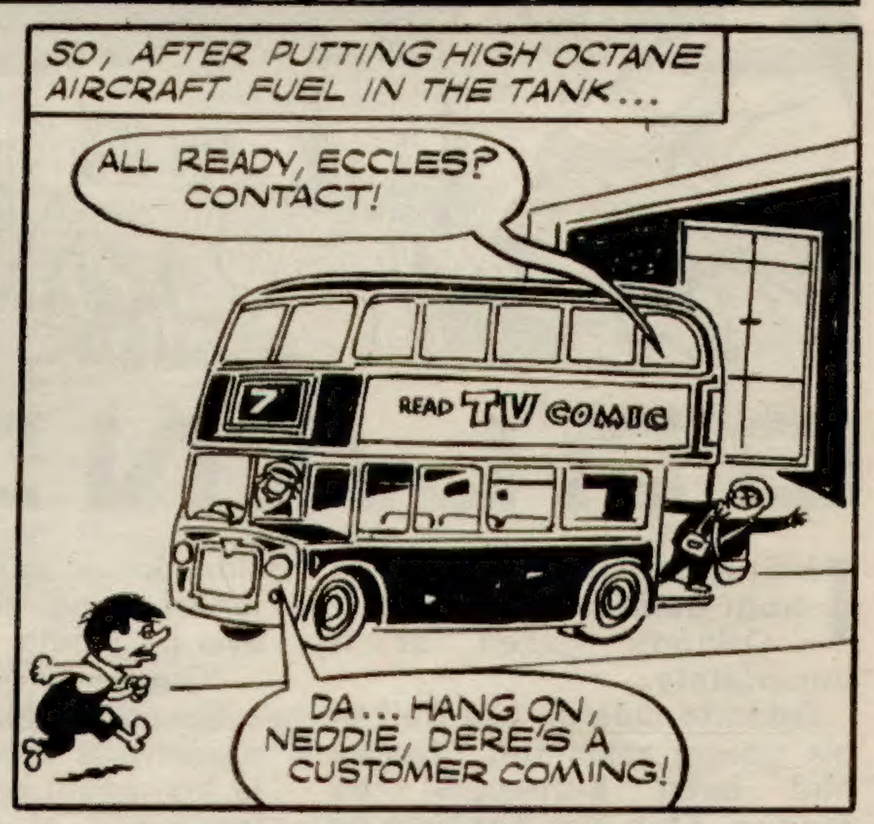
PLENTY OF ROOM UP TOP!

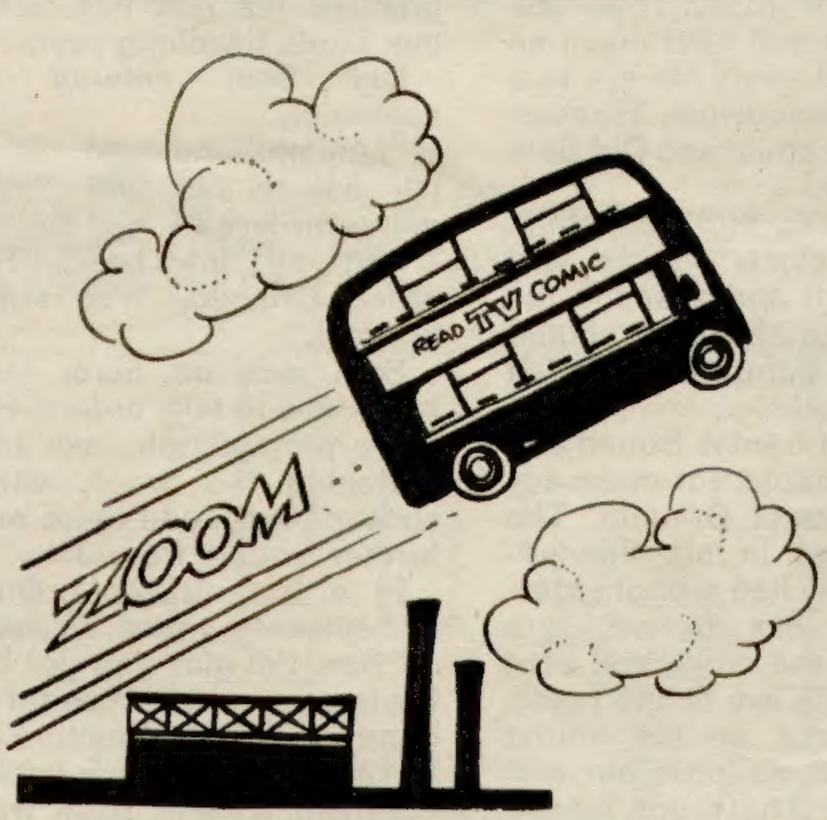


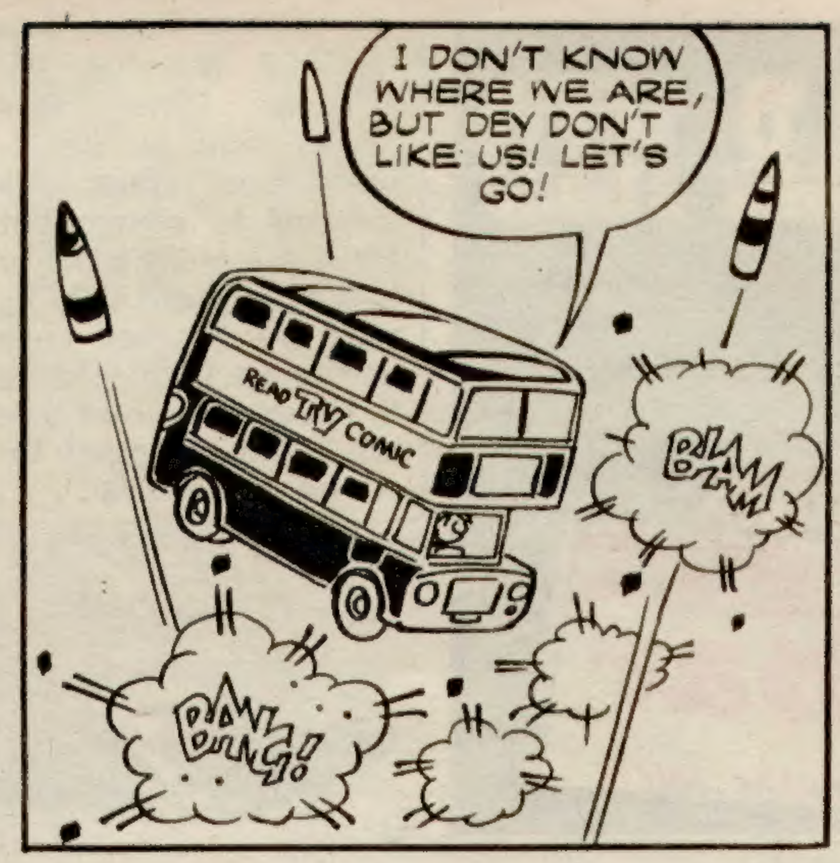
"MY NAME IS NEDDIE SEAGOON, BUS CONDUCTOR FOR THE GOONBOROUGH AND DISTRICT OMNIBUS AND TRAMCAR CO, LTD... ONE MORNING AS I REPORTED FOR DUTY WITH MY DRIVER, ECCLES..."
AH, SEAGOON AND ECCLES. YOU CAN TAKE THE NUMBER 7 ROUTE. GASWORKS TO HIGH STREET.!
WHAT AGAIN? WE'RE ALWAYS ON THAT ROTTEN ROUTE!

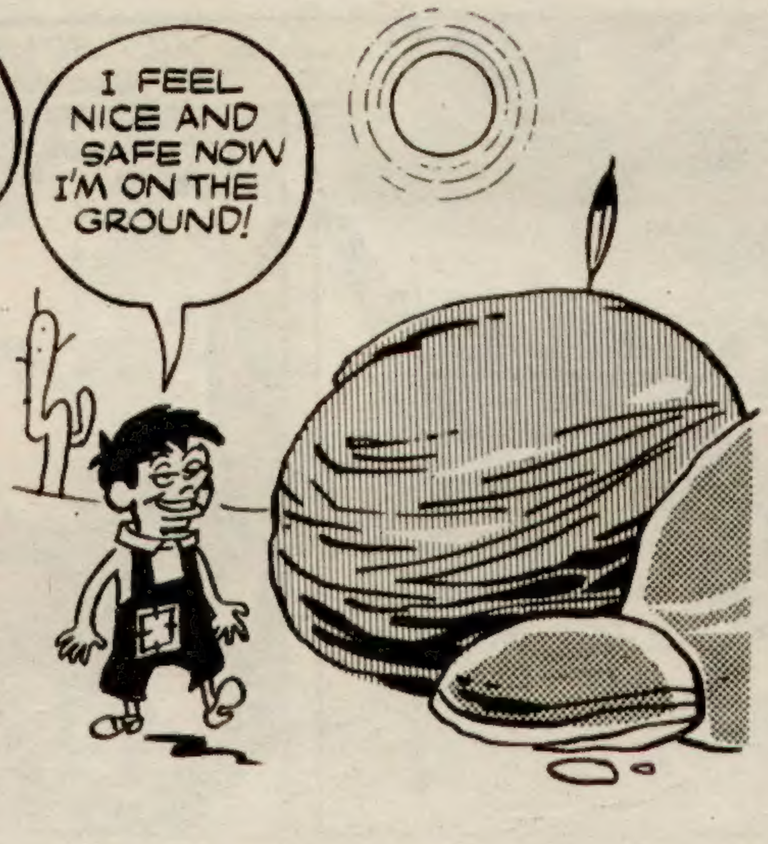

THIS NUMBER 7 RUN IS THE WORST OF ALL! TRAFFIC JAMS ALL THE WAY.
DA... SAY, NEDDIE, IT'S A PITY WE CAN'T PUT AIRCRAFT FUEL IN DE TANK...DEN WE COULD FLY!
READ TV COMIC
7

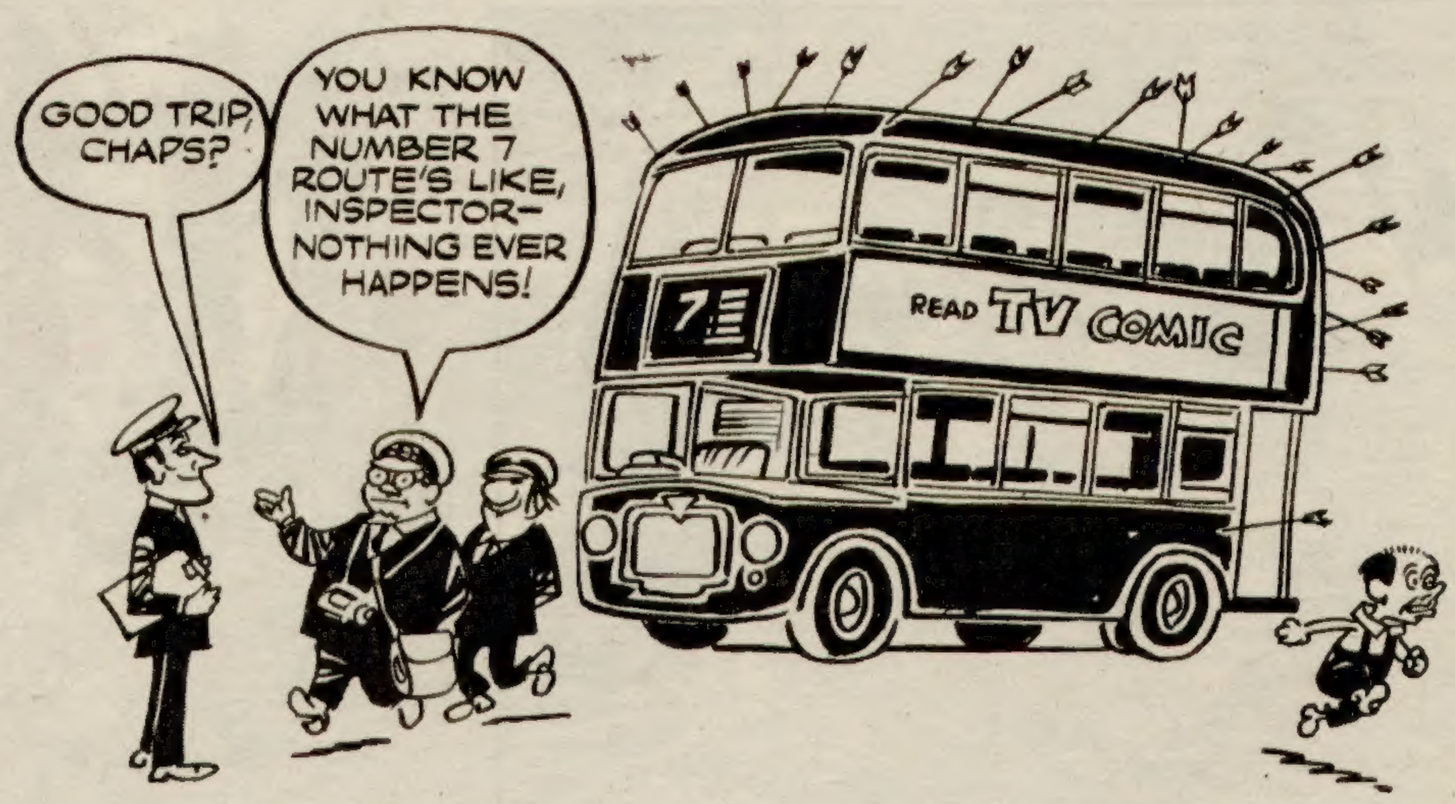



SO, AFTER PUTTING HIGH OCTANE AIRCRAFT FUEL IN THE TANK...
ALL READY, ECCLES? CONTACT!
READ TV COMIC
7
DA... HANG ON, NEDDIE, DERE'S A CUSTOMER COMING!





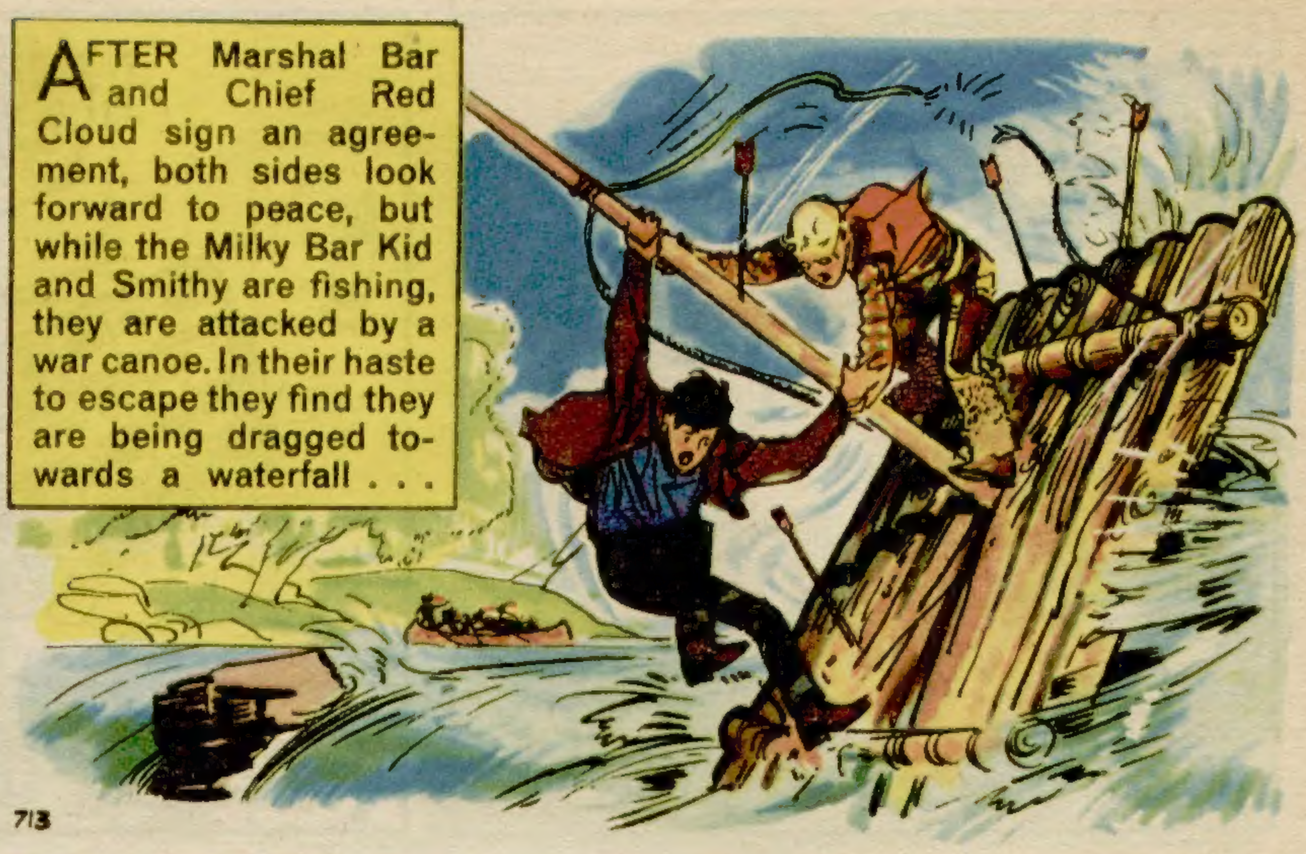




Next week, the return of the Phantom Poster Pest!

The MILKY BAR KID

AFTER Marshal Bar and Chief Red Cloud sign an agreement, both sides look forward to peace, but while the Milky Bar Kid and Smithy are fishing, they are attacked by a war canoe. In their haste to escape they find they are being dragged towards a waterfall . . .



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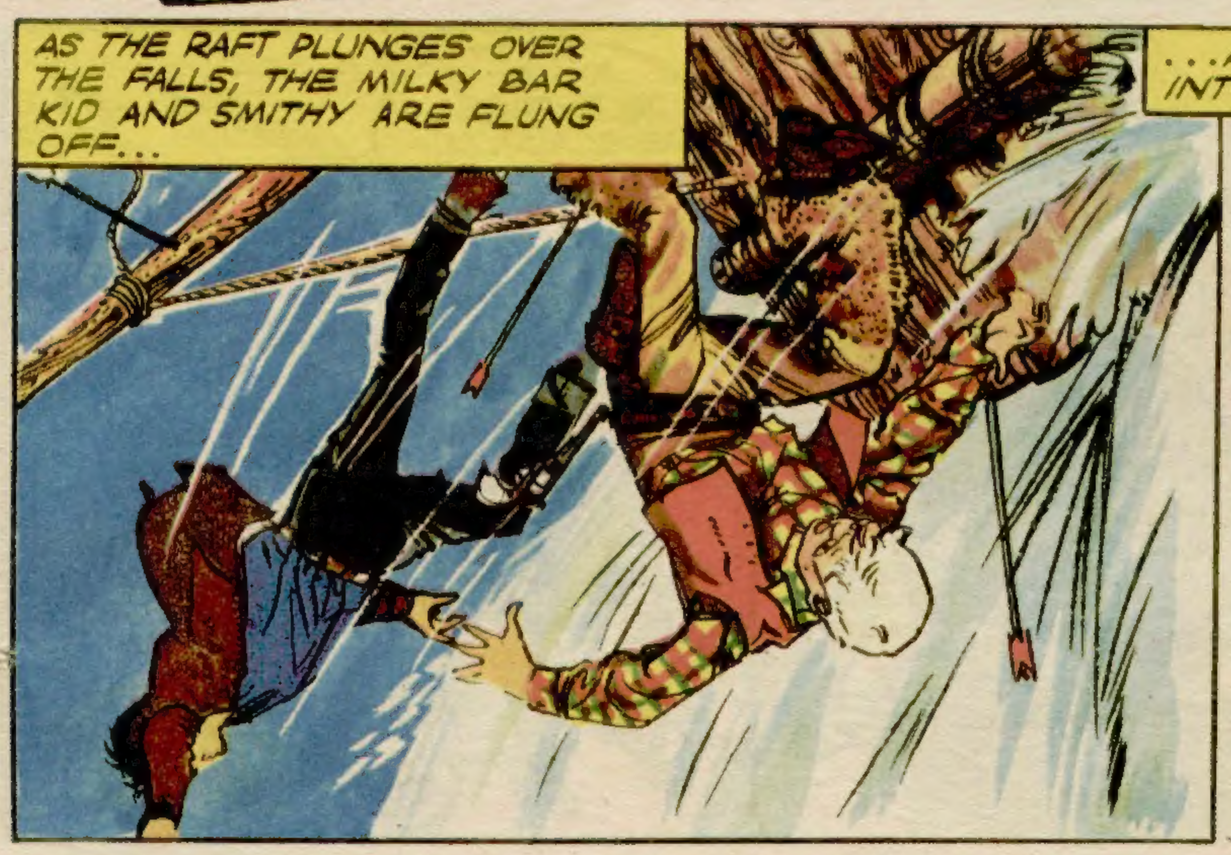
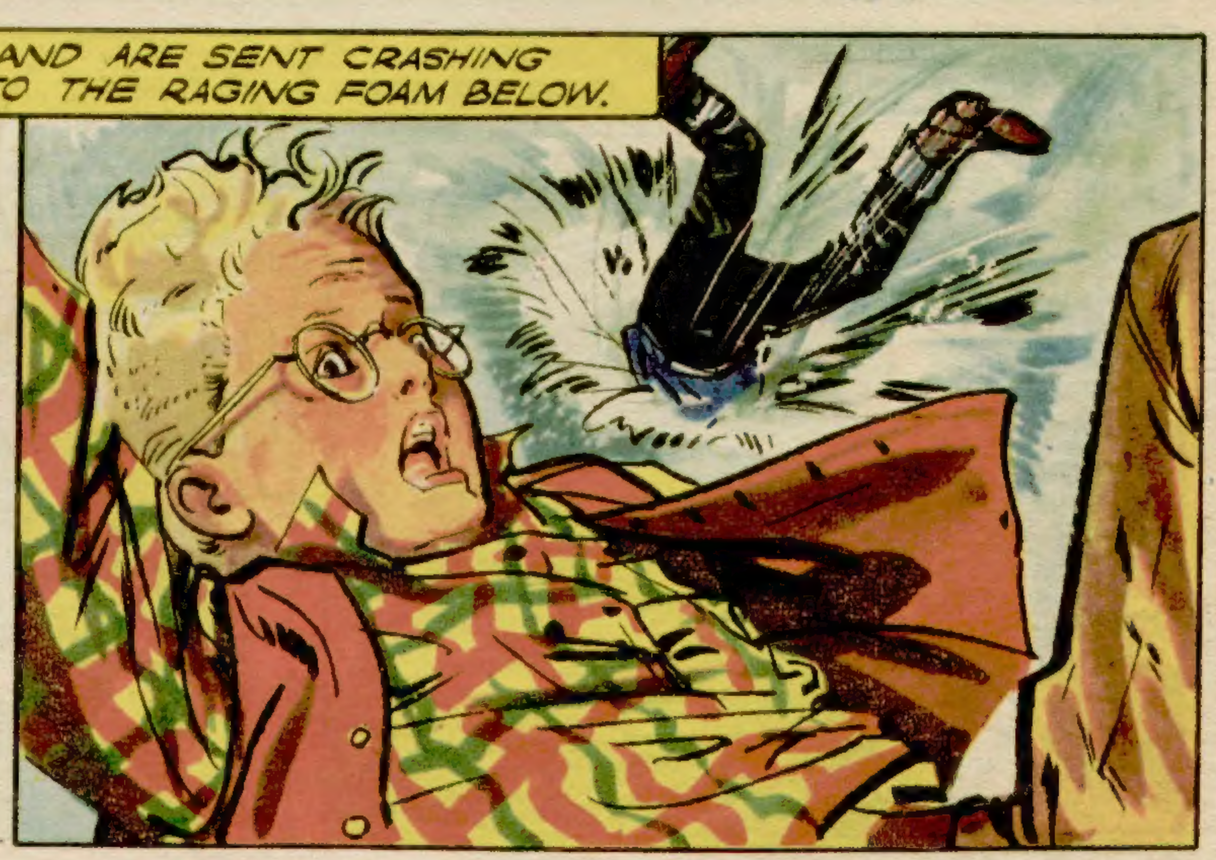
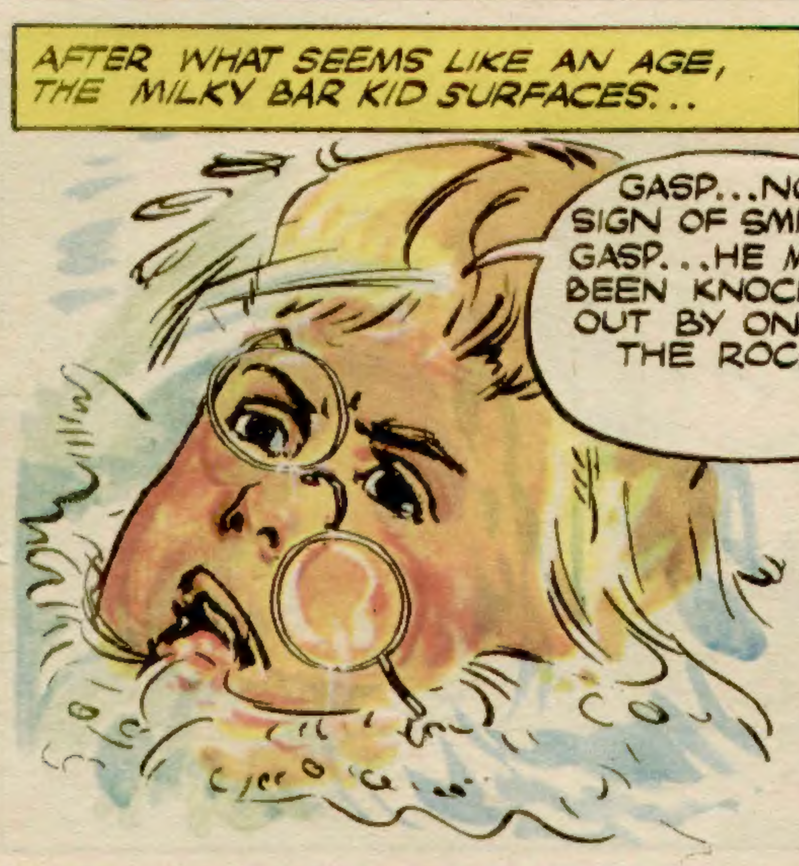
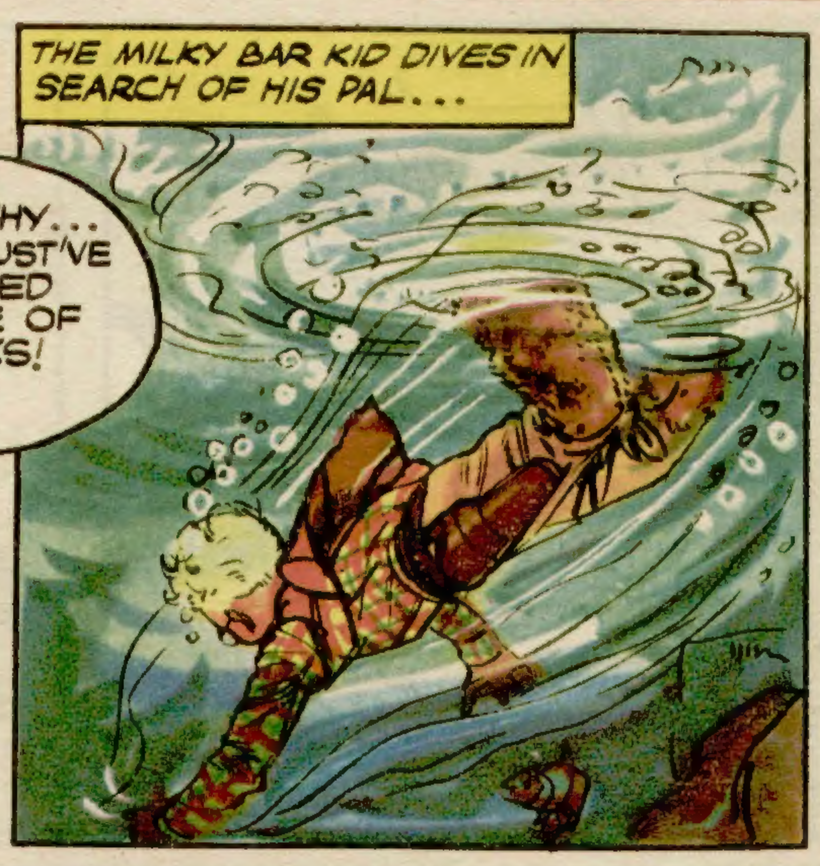
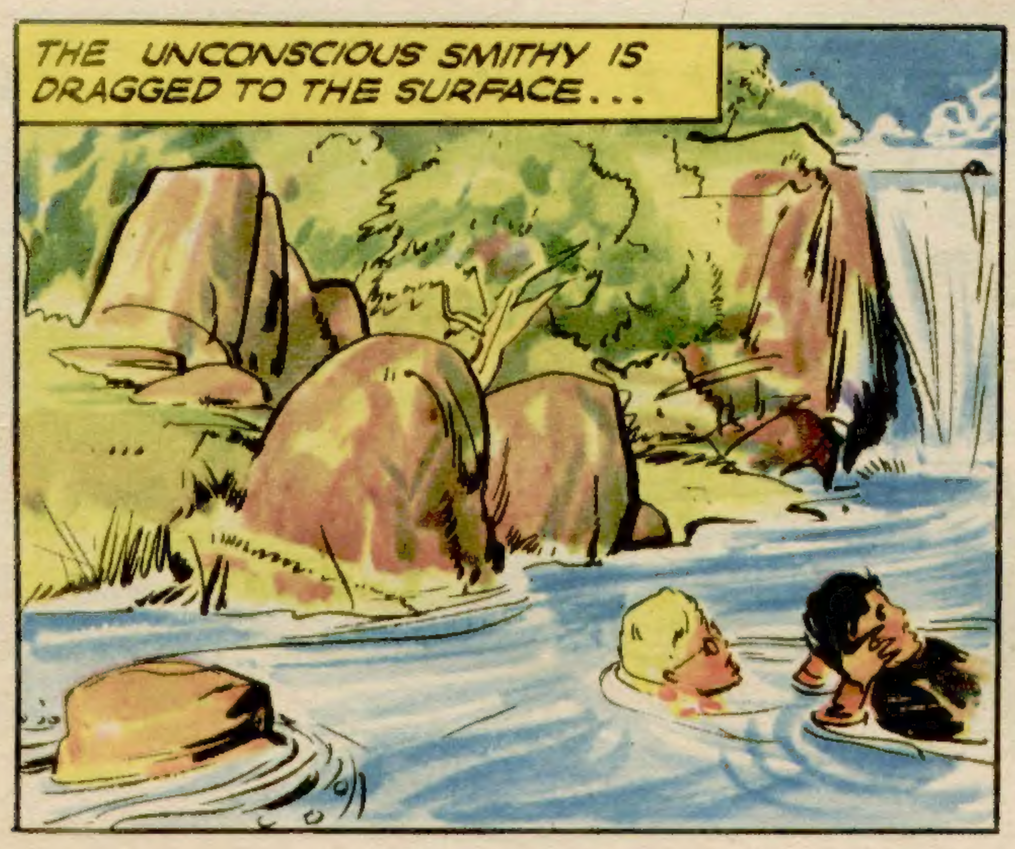





AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN AGE, THE MILKY BAR KID SURFACES...
GASP...NO SIGN OF SMITHY... GASP...HE MUST'VE BEEN KNOCKED OUT BY ONE OF THE ROCKS!





More Milky Bar Kid thrills next week.